THE FORUM
FOR OCTOBER 1912

LORDS OF THE CITY

HELEN BULLIS

VOICES in-and-out of the voice of the tide
Rising slow and cold about the shores of the city;
A voice at heart of the wind that winnows the streets,—
New-carven and desert gulfs, filled with the ancient night.

Fools, who dream that ye have builded the city,
And with solemnly foolish seals devise and bequeath it,
Fools, who dream that the Dead no longer are potent,—
We are the Builders and we are the Lords of the city!

Inch by inch have we crept through the twisted roots of the earth,
Drilling and blasting and shoring, and dying at last
The unnamable deaths of nameless men in the darkness:
Foot by foot have we lifted incredible ladders
For the mounting of men who covet the gold of the stars;
And of all the strength of our vital, vigorous bodies,
Young with the youth of the world, we have left in the sun
Only a stain on the pavement, in a half-hour faded, forgotten.

Voices in-and-out of the voice of the tide,
Voices at heart of the ever-winnowing wind,
Murmuring endlessly on in the echoing cañons,
Voices of undulate streams of prophesying ghosts,

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Thus have our swart generations arisen and labored and
vanished,
Celt, Saxon and Slav, Mongolian, Latin and Semite,
Drawn from the ends of the earth by the secret call
Of the unhewn stone and waiting furnace and dreamed-of
tower;
Thus shall those now forgotten arise and labor and vanish,
And their memory be as the dust of the streets they have
straightened—

Only, beware of the dream that the city is his who inhabits,
Nor boast in the blindness of day that the Dead have forgotten;
We are the Builders and we are the Lords of the city!

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THE SPINSTER

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

I

HERE are the orchard trees all large with fruit,
And yonder fields are golden with young grain.
In little journeys, branchward from the nest,
A mother bird, with sweet insistent cries,
Urges her young to use their untried wings.
A purring tabby, stretched upon the sward,
Shuts and expands her velvet paws in joy,
While sturdy kittens nuzzle at her breast.

O mighty Maker of the Universe,
Am I not part and parcel of Thy world,
And one with nature? Wherefore, then, in me
Must this great reproductive impulse lie
Hidden, ashamed, unnourished, and denied,
Until it starves to slow and tortuous death?

I knew the hope of springtime; like the tree
Now ripe with fruit, I budded, and then bloomed;
We laughed together, through the young May morns;
We dreamed together, through the summer moons;
Till all Thy purposes within the tree,
Were to fruition brought: Lord, Thou hast heard
The Woman in me crying for the Man;
The Mother in me crying for the Child;
And made no answer. Am I less to Thee
Than lower forms of nature, or in truth
Dost Thou hold somewhere in another realm
Full compensation and large recompense
For lonely virtue forced by fate to live
A life unnatural, in a natural world?

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II

Thou who hast made for such sure purposes
The mightiest and the meanest thing that is;
Planned out the lives of insects of the air
With fine precision and consummate care;
Thou who hast taught the bee the secret power
Of carrying on love's laws 'twixt flower and flower—
Why didst Thou shape this mortal frame of mine,
If Heavenly joys alone were Thy design?
Wherefore the wonder of my woman's breast,
By lips of lover and of babe unpressed,
If spirit-children only shall reply
Unto my ever urgent mother-cry?
Why should the rose be guided to its own,
And my love-craving heart beat on alone?

III

Yet do I understand; for Thou hast made
Something more subtle than this heart of me;
A finer part of me
To be obeyed.

Albeit I am a sister to the earth,
This nature self is not the whole of me:
The deathless soul of me
Has nobler birth.

The primal woman hungers for the man;
My better self demands the mate of me;
The spirit fate of me,
Part of Thy plan.

Nature is instinct with the mother-need;
So is my heart; but ah, the child of me
Should, undefiled of me,
Spring from love's seed.

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And if in barren chastity, I must
Know but in dreams that perfect choice of me,
Still will the voice of me
Proclaim God just.

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DREAMS

FRANCES GREGG

I

THE LUTE

AH,—give way,—give way,—have pity!
The hand you lay upon me is too heavy with dreams.
Are there no little dreams among them
Of white flowers and clear water,
That you could dream through me?
You dream of flame;
And I quiver and grow dumb.
See, I am rent and torn with Beauty,
From your too heavy hand.
You grip my strings——
Ah,—give way,—give way,—have pity!

II

FALLOW

THE blade thro' the furrow, the blade thro' the furrow,
Over and over again.
They have slashed me and wounded,
Breaking the ground for the grain.
They have left me alone, with the gray sky above me,
Brooding, and nursing my pain.
A dull dream torments me, something forgotten,—
The thrill of the germ, a gold glory of flame;
But now I am weary and sodden and broken,—
Waiting the gift of the grain.

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THE CRISIS

MURIEL RICE

DEAR, do not ask for more.
What more than friendship; the quick clasp of hand,
Those words, when wordlessly we understand,
The smile enriched with every smile of yore?
Dear, do not ask for more.

Dear, do not ask for less.
What less than friendship; the hands free again,
The careless laughter, careless of Love's pain,
And thoughts a little wayward to confess?
Dear, do not ask for less.

And must I give thee all,
All beyond friendship; my bright years to be
Caught up in thine, a single destiny,—
Or wilt thou pass forever from my call?
Dear, must I give thee all?

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BERTRAND TO TIPHAINE

DOROTHY LANDERS BEALL

O MUCH-DESIRED, thro' the willow's glooming
I stray. I come upon the moon's first blooming
Into a fragrant pearl and flower of light!
Thro' the vague hush and tenderness of night
I come, O Much-Desired!

O Delicate-Fingered, has the Woman Dawn
Taught thee her own swift touch on silvern lawn
And laggard stream and silent mountain-peak,
That on my brow and lips and blanching cheek
Thy fingers stray like light to make me speak
My soul, O Much-Desired!

O Much-Desired, as the twilight draws
Her tranquil cloudy reticence, and awes
To peace the joy of ruddy Lover-Sun
And maiden Earth, their passion-struggle done,
So thine own silence veils the pulsing heart,
The exquisite strain of mouth and mouth apart,
Till in that silence I can hear thy soul!
Love me—and leave thy world, thy heaven, the whole;
Love me, O Much-Desired!

O Much-Desired, thro' the ways of time
Pale lovers shall be singing pitiful rhyme
Beneath thy darkened window. And again,
Drawn powerfully to the world of men
Thy beautiful limbs shall die a thousand deaths,
Thy tender body draw hard human breaths,
Forever and forever, Much-Desired!
Till, by the flame of ecstasy new-fired,
Thou, thou shalt love!

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O thou shalt yearn and die
The last great death of love-denial! I
Proclaim there is no worship but to give
All!—in one impulse, hope and dream and live
As now, O Much-Desired!

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WOMAN AND THE STATE

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER

WHAT is the State? "The State? I am the State," declares the political despot. A few women have been despots and successfully proved that sex is not an absolute disqualification for an absolute monarchy. "The State? We are the State," declared the reigning families of Feudalism; and women were heads of these great families in the absence of the lord of the manor, and when widowed, or as spinsters, solely represented the family power. Hence, sex has been proved in many civilizations and in many eras of our own civilization no practical disqualification for aristocratic leadership in the State.

"The State? We are the State," said, for ages, the owners of landed property; and the "freehold vote," the "property vote" has often included women. Hence, sex has been proved no positive disqualification in a political order based upon lands and dollars. The State has passed or is rapidly passing from despotism, from aristocracy resting on militarism, from the control of landed proprietors and the owners of large estates, to what we call democracy based on manhood suffrage. In this process, women have lost for a while their footing in the political arena. When the eighteenth century made its plea for the rights of man, women were generally forgotten. If the rule of the State goes by blood of one reigning family, then it has proved easy to escape a Salic law and, for the sake of holding a dynasty secure, make a woman queen in default of a male heir. If the rule of the State goes by blood of several reigning families who hold the fighting strength of the people at their disposal, then it is easy to ordain that those great houses shall be represented in the councils of the nobles and have their soldiers on the fields of battle which determine the history of the State, even if a woman's hand sends the troops and wields the political power. If the rule of the State goes by rent-rolls, broad acres, and chests of gold, then it is easy to see that "the dollar should vote," no

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matter whether man or woman holds it, and that the land should speak, even if a spinster or a widow is its sole heir. Now that the rule of the State goes by human quality it is not yet easy for all to see that women should rule with men in democracy.

Hélie defines the State as "the people organized into a political body." He declares it "becomes a free people, organized into a democratic State, when all the citizens can participate in the direction and examination of public affairs." As regards men, our civilization has moved rapidly in the last two hundred years toward such a State of "one man, one vote." At first white men only were full citizens, now men of all colors may be, racial distinction tending rapidly to disappear as qualification or disqualification for the electorate. As Renan, speaking of race mixtures in government, says wisely, "Ethnography is a science of rare interest, but to be free it should be without political application." The subject of still greater interest, the subject of sex, is not yet freed from political application even in the minds of most leaders of thought. When Bluntschli says, the "State as a manlike, composite person, produced by the union of men, is not merely a civil person but a moral civil person," he means only a moral civil person composed of the masculine sex alone. And, when Maurice Block declares that the "Principle of nationalities is legitimate when it tends to unite in a compact whole the scattered groups of the population, and illegitimate when it tends to divide them," he seems not to consider women as a group of human beings who should become conscious parts of that compact whole. Indeed, Paul Janet "distinguishes the family from the State," in that "the State is composed of men free and equal, but the family rests upon inequality"; from which it seems that in his view even adult woman can never emerge to a free and equal position. If Janet's theory were true, that would, of course, mean a perpetual guardianship and control of all women by all men and especially of all wives by all husbands; and yet no political expert now clearly preaches that logical outcome of the theory.

Aristotle, who defended slavery as the proper control of inferior races, found some trouble in defending the perpetual legal minority of women; and, to quote Janet again, it was in-

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deed a "delicate achievement of Aristotle when he distinguished conjugal from paternal power, calling the first a republican and the second a royal power." If, however, "the family is the social unit" in the literal meaning of those words, and the phrase "universal suffrage," as the basis of a democratic State, includes only men, then the head of the family, the man, does and must exercise "royal power" not only over his children but over his wife, for he speaks for the whole family when he votes. This might pass without much question while democratic States were demonstrating merely a new mechanism of political order; but when the democratic State becomes consciously moved by social sentiment, the submergence of one-half of the race in the family order, in a sense that leaves it without political entity, becomes a source of uneasiness, both moral and intellectual.

To go no further back than our own United States history, the first legislative body in America, inaugurated at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1619, was elected by all the male inhabitants. Monarchy, nobility, landed estates and money had suddenly ceased to be a basis of the suffrage. A common manhood was fallen back upon as the one great reason for equality of rights in government. But women, at that period, were not considered human in the same sense that men were. They owned no property if married, their husbands possessed all they inherited or earned. They could not exercise the slightest contract power. They were unable to act as legal guardians for their youngest children; they had no power to protect their persons against their husbands, even in gross misuse; they must live where and how their husbands determined. Legally, they were perpetual minors. We must remember that at this period women were still under the common law in which an ancient enactment thus outlines a husband's duty: "He shall treat and govern the aforesaid A." (meaning his wife) "well and decently, and shall not inflict nor cause to be inflicted any injury upon the aforesaid A., except in so far as he may lawfully and reasonably do so in accordance with the right of a husband to correct and chastise his wife." Said Blackstone in 1763, "as the husband is to answer for her misbehavior, the law thought it reasonable to intrust him with the power of restraining his wife by domestic

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chastisement in the same moderation that a man is allowed to correct his apprentices and his children, for whom the master and the parent is also liable in some cases to answer." The Civil Law as well as the Common Law gave the husband the right of corporal punishment of the wife, "a severe beating with whips or clubs for some misdemeanors; for others only a moderate correction." The husband who killed his wife committed murder, but a wife who killed her husband was believed to commit "petty treason," and could be punished in the most cruel manner as a rebel against duly constituted authority as well as a common criminal.

This family subordination, as John Stuart Mill so clearly showed, was the basis of political nonentity for women when equality of rights for men was first insisted upon. In 1797 Charles Fox said: "It has never been suggested in all the theories of the most absurd speculation that it would be advisable to extend the elective franchise to the female sex." Five years before that, however, Mary Wollstonecraft published her *Vindication of the Rights of Women;* but doubtless Charles Fox had not heard of it, or, if he had, imagined it the ravings of a lunatic. It could hardly seem otherwise when almost all women were wives, and wives were without any legal standing as human beings under the law. The effect of this legal condition upon their economic status is well illustrated by a true story related in 1856 in *The Westminster Review* as follows: "A lady whose husband had been unsuccessful in business, established herself as a milliner in Manchester. After some years of toil, she realized sufficient for the family to live upon comfortably, the husband doing nothing meanwhile. They lived for a time in easy circumstances after she gave up business; and the husband died, bequeathing all his wife's earnings to his illegitimate children. At the age of 62, she was compelled, in order to gain her bread, to return to business." The effect of this legal condition of wives upon the moral nature of men can be best understood by a pretended "chivalry" which left the "age of consent" of little girls from 7 to 10 years, and claimed for men as their right every immoral indulgence denied to women. In England no woman protested publicly against her husband's infidelity

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until 1801, and not until 1857 was a special court for divorce established; all relief from the most intolerable marital conditions being, previous to that date, a luxury for the rich only. The full and logical outcome of this family tutelage was given by the Rev. John Knox-Little in Philadelphia as late as 1880 when he declared "Wifehood is the crowning glory of Womanhood; in it she is bound for all time. To her husband she owes the duty of unqualified obedience. There is no wrong which a man can do which justifies his wife for leaving him. It is her duty to subject herself to him always and no crime that he can commit can justify her lack of obedience."

As in feudalism, "Every man must have his Lord" or drop into abject poverty without place or lot in life, so, of old, every woman, as an inferior sort of human being, must have her husband or be cast adrift to hopeless disaster. The present happy time of usefulness, honor and well-paid work of the successful spinster shows clearly how far we have come from that day when, without a husband, a woman was nothing; and, having one, she had nothing else of her own. It was natural and inevitable, therefore, that woman, thus held as an inferior grade of human being, should have been forbidden at first a share in a suffrage based on humanity alone.

Says Woodrow Wilson in his useful and able textbook on *The State:* "From the ancient State, the despotic, the military, has emerged the economic, and last the democratic order, when human quality is declared the just basis of political equality." We are happy to have so fine a statement of the woman suffrage position from the man whom we all respect for his intellectual and moral power, even if he fails to make the full application.

"The Western township," to quote Woodrow Wilson again, "sprang out of the school as the New England township sprang out of the church." Women as parts of the school and the church sometimes entered the body politic when the germ centres of the modern State produced our American Republic. The only difficulty was that men were so busy getting themselves all counted that they did not remember to apply their own principles to women. And women, in the pioneer days of both

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East and West, were so overburdened with drudgery at home and in the fields and with spinning, weaving and the rest, that they could not think of anything but the day's work. Besides, they were so left out of educational currents of thought and information that they could not "sense" their own rights and duties in the larger life. No one can affirm that this is now the case of women in general; and exceptional women were able and brave to apply democracy to themselves long ago.

Jamestown in 1670 restricted its suffrage to "freeholders and housekeepers," granting a "voyce only to such men as by their estates, real and personal, have interest enough to tye them to the endeavor of the publique good." This showed that full manhood suffrage was only allowed when no one as yet owned large estates; thus indicating the persistent "economic element" in political concerns. In the Plymouth Colony in 1620, all male inhabitants voted, all being alike "poor emigrants"; but in 1630 it was declared "that no man shall be admitted to this body politic but such as are members of some of the churches within the same." This shows that although all the first pilgrims came "for freedom to worship God" in their own way, very soon other motives increased the population of the colony. This religious exclusiveness kept disfranchised for thirty years three-fourths of the male population. It would probably disfranchise a much larger proportion if enforced at the present time. New Haven Colony had the same church-member clause very definitely stated, restricting "free burgesses" to church-members, who alone had the "power of transacting all public civil affairs." From 1634 onward none could vote in the Colony of Massachusetts who were not "freemen"; and the value of this freehold estate, which was the necessary basis of suffrage, was duly defined in dollars and cents in the Massachusetts charter of 1691. The electorate, therefore, had both a money basis and a church-member basis in all our Colonial life. The last survival of the religious restriction is found in the constitution of South Carolina, which, as late as 1790, allowed only "free, white men who acknowledged the being of God and believed in a future state of rewards and punishments" to vote. The distinct qualification of sex was,

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however, not found in the earlier charters; and doubtless if the Pilgrim Mothers had not been so overworked and under-educated, they might have taken advantage of that fact and "got in on the ground floor" of the American Republic. Indeed, in New Jersey, the law defining the basis of the electorate read "all inhabitants," and directions were given for those "worth fifty pounds clear estate" to deposit "his" or "her" vote; and from 1691 to 1780 women in Massachusetts Colony voted under the old charter for all elective offices. When, in 1884, "manhood suffrage" in New Jersey took the place of "freehold suffrage," the women lost their vote and the Massachusetts constitution disfranchised them; thus giving another historical proof of the wavering and illogical nature of social reforms. It may be that the New Jersey and Massachusetts women were remiss in not insisting upon being retained as eligible to vote when the property qualification was given up; but the political and social changes incident to outgrowing that property qualification were so numerous and so absorbing that women doubtless forgot themselves as truly as the men forgot them. Some women were alert, however, and tried to secure their own citizenship in very early Colonial times when the ownership of estates was a necessary qualification of suffrage. Mistress Margaret Brent, in 1647, as attorney for Lord Baltimore's brother, asked for "playce and voyse" in the legislature, on the ground of her property rights, but she was denied; we must infer in fear of establishing a bad precedent. Mrs. Corbin also, a sister of Robert H. Lee, sent in her sole petition for a vote in Virginia elections in 1778. Although Condorcet, on July 3, 1790, appealed for equal citizenship for French women, all women were, for the most part, ignored in the great eighteenth century struggle for the "rights of man"; and not only in America, but wherever the demand for human rights secured enlargement of the basis of the suffrage.

The first voting privilege given to women as human beings and on the democratic suffrage basis was, as was natural, in matters connected with education, and to those women who "had no man to represent them"; as when, in Kentucky in 1838, "widows with children" were given a voice in "school suf-

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frage." This limited educational ballot was extended to all women in Kansas in 1861, and each year since has marked an extension of this minimum of woman suffrage. Tax and bond suffrage has been given to women in several States, and the women of New Orleans made splendid use of it to make their city healthy in a notable struggle for drainage and sanitary measures of various sorts. Kansas, now in a campaign for full suffrage, has had municipal suffrage for women since 1887, and many women have served as high officers of municipalities in that State—over twenty women as mayors of cities. Full suffrage has been used by women in Wyoming since 1869 without causing the social fabric of the American Republic to dissolve into chaos, and with such dignity and usefulness that the following resolution was passed in 1893: "Be it resolved by the Second Legislature of the State of Wyoming; That the possession and exercise of suffrage by the women of Wyoming for the past quarter of a century has wrought no harm, and has done great good in many ways; that it has largely aided in banishing crime, pauperism, and vice from this State, and that without any violent and oppressive legislation."

It is common knowledge that six sovereign States of our Union now have women voters on the same terms as men; and that five others are at present engaged in active campaigns to wipe out sex discrimination at the ballot box; and that in every State there is going on an agitation for equality of political rights between men and women unparalleled by any other movement for a social change. It is also known, if not often remembered, by the politicians, that the largest petitions ever presented to the National Congress or to the several State legislatures have been those by women for their political enfranchisement. These petitions have been headed by the most distinguished women of the country, not alone noted for their interest in this matter, but for their devotion to the public weal and to private philanthropy and the home. It is also in evidence in the public press, the magazine and book world, that this movement for the enfranchisement of women encircles the globe. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, as President of the International Woman Suffrage Alliance, is going around the world to meet

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and help the women of every nation, even the peoples of the Orient, in this new effort to "free" sex, like ethnography, "from political application." It is too late in the day, therefore, for any student of social or political science to ignore the matter; and too late in the day for women who prefer "a lord" of their own to the justice of the body politic, and personal privilege to the social conscience, to stem the tide of the increasing humanizing of government. In 1821, a "Lady of Distinction," writing to a "Relation shortly after Marriage," urges upon her to "have the most perfect and implicit faith in the superiority of her husband's judgment and the most absolute obedience to his desires, as giving the greatest success and most entire satisfaction in her wedded life," and also "relieving her from a weight of thought that would be very painful and in no way profitable"; and now, at this late date, we have the Anti's desiring to be relieved of the political "weight of thought most painful and not profitable." A new proof, if one were needed, of the cramping effect of the past subjection of women.

The chief argument of the Anti's is that "Government is force" and women neither can nor should have force, nor exercise it. Let us quote Woodrow Wilson again: "The force which the democratic States embody is not the direct force of a dominant dynasty nor of a prevalent minority, but the force of an agreeing majority." That force of an agreeing majority is always delegated force, representatively embodied in chosen agents. It wipes out of existence all actual basing of the suffrage upon physical force. It makes its fundamental appeal to public opinion. It is easily expressed by the choice of men alone, by the choice of women alone, or by the choice of men and women. Whatever class most embodies and best expresses the major opinion of society can fitly choose such agents. The mechanism of the vote is devised expressly for the purpose of enabling "an agreeing majority" to execute its decisions without an appeal to force, physical or military, save as that is embodied in a duly constituted police. That women cannot fight therefore, or should not do so, is no more a disqualification for the suffrage than that men over a certain age or under a certain standard of physical strength should be deprived of their

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vote. This would seem too obvious for argument. By proxy, and by substitute, and by representative, and by chosen officers, the forceful business of the State is now carried on. Some time, if war is not outlawed for good and all, the nations will be wise and humane enough to choose one pugilist to settle disputes instead of bearing the economic burden of standing armies, great navies and millions of idle men. Some such course will have to be pursued if the "common people" continue their present aversion to serving as food for cannon and to supporting men who stand idly ready to be such food in case of war. Sensible people cannot much longer mistake the true nature of the actual "force" of the modern democratic State.

The significance of the woman suffrage movement is twofold; it is a response to the general movement of democracy toward the individuation of all members of all previously subjected or submerged classes of society; and it is also a social response to the new demands of citizenship which have followed inevitably the new and varied increase in the functions of government.

The response to the general movement toward democracy has in less than one hundred years changed the condition of woman in the chief centres of so-called Christian civilization from that of "status" to that of "contract"; from that condition in which the married woman while her husband lived could not hold property, make a business contract, receive wages in her own right for her own work, acquire legal power over her own children, act as guardian for a minor child, her own or another's, or in any manner acquire the rights of an adult individual, under the law. During her marriage, she was, as a perpetual minor, protected in some manner against "abuse" (of which in quantity and in quality men and not women were the judges), and she had the same right to "support" commensurate with her husband's means that her children were entitled to; but she was in no sense a full "person" in the law.

It was, of course, inevitable that the doctrine of the rights of man should come at last to include the rights of woman, just as it was inevitable that the rights of white men should come at last to include the rights of black and yellow and brown men.

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The great eighteenth century struggle in human progress was for the recognition of what Charles Sumner called "That equality of rights which is the first of rights." It was for a scheme and practice of political organization which should deny special privileges to any, which should secure liberty and justice in all the relations of life to all classes. Although the winning of such measure of democracy in government as we have attained does not bring in the millennium, and has not yet been applied perfectly enough even to men to measure fully its influence for good, any student of history can challenge the most pessimistic observer of American life to furnish an example of any more aristocratic form of government which has resulted in as high an average of physical, mental and moral well-being for the majority of the people as even such a partial democracy as our own. Since Abigail Adams demanded of the framers of the constitution some recognition of the rights of women in their deliberations, many have seen that there is no argument that can be framed for equality before the law for all classes of men that does not also apply with equal force to both sexes. The woman suffrage "movement," however, is only as old as the immortal Seneca Falls meeting of 1848. That was a "Woman's Rights Meeting," and only incidentally and with hesitation pledged to a demand for the ballot; its chief stress being laid upon higher education for women, better industrial conditions, more just professional opportunity for qualified women, and larger social freedom; together with a strong appeal for the legal right of adult women to have and to hold property and to secure that "contract power" that marks the legal dividing line between a responsible person and a child or an imbecile.

There are two arguments, and only two, that can possibly be brought against the application of the general principles of democracy to law-abiding and mentally competent women: one is that women are not human beings; the other, that they are a kind of human being so different from men that general principles of right and wrong proved expedient as a basis of action in the development of men do not apply to them.

Few now subscribe to the ancient belief that "women have

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neither souls nor minds," but are a "delusion and a snare" invented for practical purposes of life, but not to be counted in when the real life of humanity is under consideration. Are then women of such a different sort of humanity that they do not need individual protection of the law, do not require the mental and moral discipline of freedom and personal responsibility for the development of character, are justly and fully provided for through the political arrangements of men, by men and for men, and therefore should be forcibly restrained from complete citizenship? Some, many, seem thus to believe.

The fact that women as a sex—not the favored few of a privileged class, but women as a sex—have suffered every form of exploitation at the hands of men and without redress until very recently (an incontestable and easily demonstrated fact, attested by every law book of all Christendom), is sufficient answer to that. The further fact that until women initiated and carried through a great struggle, which although bloodless and pacific on their part, lacked no element of martyrdom, no woman could learn anything but the most elementary scraps of knowledge or develop her vocational power or attain industrial opportunity of any sort commensurate with her needs, is a further proof that women's interests are not fully cared for by men. Women are not so different from men that they can be educated without a chance to go to school, or be able to protect themselves against prostitution or ignoble dependence through self-support without the legal right to earn their own living or the legal right to hold and manage their property. Women are not so different from men as to become strong in character without having the discipline of moral responsibility or to become broad-minded and socially serviceable without the opportunity to "learn by doing" the duty of a citizen. Men and women are different, but not so unlike that they can become fully developed human beings in circumstances totally different. Therefore unless you repudiate democracy altogether, you must finally include in its range all classes and both sexes.

The second element in the significance of the woman suffrage movement is the social response to the new demands of citizenship made by the new type of State which has been de-

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veloped in this latter stage of human progress. The family and the Church used to take care of education; industry used to be a personal concern of domestic handicraft. Now all the functions of social order have been differentiated and started on separate and interrelated careers. The Church is not now a legal power; the school has become a function of the State; the new industrial order has necessitated legal protection of the weak and ignorant against the strong and shrewd. The State has gradually, and in these later days with astonishing celerity, taken over not only education, but charity and constructive social effort toward the common welfare. A thousand details of truly spiritual activity, which once were held solely within the sphere of domestic and religious life, are now concerns of government.

Government has ceased to be military and static, it has already become social and dynamic. As Governor Wilson says, it has large "ministrant as well as constituent functions."

What are the great functions of social service for which "human beings of the mother sex" have been held chiefly responsible since society began? The care, the nurture, the development of child life; the care of the sick, the aged and the infirm; the relief of the unfortunate; the protection and care of the defective; the general ministry of strength to weakness. These are the functions that the modern State has taken over from the home and from the Church. These are the functions the modern State *cannot perform without the direct and varied aid of women.* These are the modern State activities that make the largest army of public employees the teachers, of which ninety per cent. are women; and the next largest army, the caretakers of the sick and insane and unfortunate of every kind, of which at least three-fourths are women. "Yes," the anti-suffragist says, "women should work as subordinates for society through State employment, but they should not become a part of the political power of control and supervision." Then, if that be so, women are degraded from their ancient position in the office of personal ministry; for women, under the old régime of education, had command of the training of all the girls and all the little boys; and, under the old régime in charity, not only did the work but determined what the work should be.

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Now, at last, struck with this fact, the anti-suffragist has taken the monstrously grotesque position that women should fill "appointive" positions of supervision and even of control in education and philanthropy, but should never be voted for, or vote even, on the political side of those functions. But an office like that of judge or overseer of the poor, which in one State is "appointive," may be in another State "elective." The constant tendency in the United States is for private initiative to create models in the educational and in the philanthropic field; for the appointive powers of executive officers and legislative bodies of a few States to adopt these new models as a part of the State provisions through specially appointed commissioners or boards; and for other States finally to copy the new idea through the regular channels of elective procedure. In private education and philanthropy, women are expected to bear more than their full share in support, control and activity. When the State takes over tentatively, as an experiment, some private enterprise, then, say even some of the most conservative anti-suffragists, a governor or mayor might properly take over also a selected woman or two to manage the interest of education and charity thus absorbed. When, however, the people take over the school for the blind, the custodial home for the idiot, the asylum for the insane, the children's home, the care of the poor, the establishment of the city playground, the manifold enlargements of the public-school provision for our cosmopolitan population, at what point does it become unwomanly for women to retain charge of their own special and inherited business? Where does it become improper, or useless, or unnecessary, for women to protect children and youth, and to determine the conditions surrounding their sister women in reformatories and prisons, and to secure right care for the aged and infirm and unfortunate? No living human being can find that point. Thousands of the students of the modern social order and its historical bases in more primitive social organization can prove to any unprejudiced mind that social harm has resulted whenever and wherever these new functions of charity, of education, of social control of public amusement, and of social effort toward personal welfare, have been taken over by the State from the

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home and the Church and the domestic shop and factory, without taking over also some recognized power of control by wise and good women.

If, then, women are human beings and not so unlike men as to render all human experience useless in the matter of their character-development, they, too, as well as men, must be sent to school to political duty and responsibility if they are to serve rightly as mothers and teachers of potential citizens of democratic States.

If, then, the State, as can easily be proved, has taken on in modern times functions of social influence and social service in education, in charity, in protection and development of the personal life, thus undertaking the things which, from the foundation of society, have been peculiarly "woman's sphere," it is as absurd as it is unwise and socially harmful to deprive the State of the service of women in all capacities of both subordinate activity and of trained supervision and control.

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A DEFENCE OF MAN

MAY SINCLAIR

IT is commonly supposed that no man really understands woman, and that no woman understands man. Genius (in the male sex) is held to be an exception. When George Meredith had the courage to draw women as he saw them, each with a brain and a conscience of her own, it was said that he drew women as God sees them. And Shakespeare is admitted to have known a thing or two about them. But genius in a woman is not considered to involve any such supernatural insight.

Genius apart, people seem to have made up their minds that the two sexes are and must ever be a mystery and an enigma to each other, and that their mutual attraction lies in this. Stripped of their mystery, presented, woman to man and man to woman, as they are, uninteresting, if not repulsive in the baldness, the ugliness, the poverty of nature's suicidal scheme, their indifference to each other would, you are to imagine, positively imperil the continuance of the race.

Brutal cynics among men have done their best to take away her mystery from woman; and woman's mystery has only grown around her more mysterious, more magical than ever. But—whether from tenderness, or from her greater care for the race—woman, until yesterday, has spared the mystery and glamour of the male.

And now we are confronted with the Woman Question, and with it comes Miss Cicely Hamilton and strips man bare.* Not the shred of a veil, not the film of a halo, not a virtue, not a grace has she left him, beyond the doubtful splendor and courage of the brute, and physical force, the power to subdue and intimidate his mate. Oh, and the power to create comfort, the genius that evolves menus and designs easy chairs. And even this poor virtue springs from his vices, for man is before all things a gossip and a glutton.

If he be indeed the pitiful thing Miss Hamilton says he is, I can see no place for him but a monastery, a modern monastery,

* *Man*, by Cicely Hamilton, *The English Review*, April, 1912.

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a monastery *de luxe,* modelled on the Bath Club or the Carlton. For no woman could bring herself to mate with such a worm. Let him eat and drink, for to-morrow he dies, and Posterity with him.

Now I cannot think that things are as bad with him as all that. I have a certain knowledge of the creature. I was brought up with boys. Until I was twenty-seven (but for a few inconsiderable terms at school) I spent the greater part of my life with men, sharing largely in that open-air life which shows my sex what is best in theirs, besides being mixed up even more in those critical and intimate family relations which most infallibly reveal the worst in it. And I have observed in most of them the classic virtues of honor, tenderness and a splendid courage. It was by a man of my own generation that I was taught chivalry and charity; never to gossip, never to speak or think malignantly of any woman. And later experience has done very little violence to this impression. They were not angels, far from it, those men that I have known; and if they had been it would be ruin to my point. My point is that they were simply men, average and typically male.

I do not say that chivalry and charity, courage, tenderness and honor, are exclusively male virtues; I know that they are not. It is only that, confronted with my own experience, my own memories, I am bewildered by all this showing up of man. And I cannot but think that in her spirited onslaught Miss Hamilton has forgotten many things. Old General So-and-so, surveyed from the top of a 'bus, in his club, brooding over a menu, or snoring, mouth open, in an easy chair, may not be a heroic figure. But what if he has earned his dinner and his snooze by the hardships and appalling dangers he has faced? It is only by danger and hardship faced and endured by men that civilization and comfort have been made possible for any of us. It cannot be said that Miss Hamilton has swept the field with a comprehensive eye, that she has "ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes" to find her instances; in fact she ignores all those that tell against her case, such as firemen, and steeplejacks, and the mercantile marine.

It is not only Miss Hamilton who has shown man up. There

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has been recently a perfect outbreak of revelation. First there was Sir Almroth Wright. He was out, to be sure, against Feminism; but by some logical misfortune or inadvertence it was his own sex that he contrived to give away. Woman, he informed us, will never realize her dream of working side by side with man, because man is so ungovernably an animal that his best work cannot be done within sight or sound of her. He has no virtue—no decency, no self-control that is proof against the subtly inimical suggestions of a petticoat. And other things—less distinctly stated—meannesses, vanities, pomposities, vacuities, profundities of pitiable egoism, appeared in this ultra-medical showing up of man. On the strength of it the animal himself came out from under his cover. For weeks afterward a frenzied impulse to speak out seemed to have seized upon every man you met at dinner. Revelations began with the soup and confessions with the entrée. Everywhere you went you were assured by his own once so reticent sex that man was an untamed and untamable brute, that under the immaculate whiteness and polish of his shirt-front he hid a heart of cruelty, violence and lust; that his interest in woman, though civilization compelled him to disguise its essential nature, was and could only be a physiological one; and that it would be better for women if they realized that fact at once (wherein, granting his premises, I entirely agreed).

And last of all came Mr. Laurence Housman *; on a platform, and in a speech addressed to the Women's Freedom League, he showed up man as I should imagine man had never yet on this earth been shown up before. He wiped that platform floor with him, and with the last shreds of mystery and glamour. Mr. Housman was not, of course, bringing any wholesale charge against his sex, but the mass and quality of his evidence had all the effect of it.

Now I don't for a moment contend that all this plain speaking on both sides is not good. It *is* good. It clears the air. It destroys prejudice. It makes in the long run for mutual understanding. I do not believe, as Miss Hamilton apparently does, that man is done for, because he has "been found out." I agree that he is being found out more and more, in the sense that he

* See *Sex Warfare*, by Laurence Housman. Published by The Women's Freedom League. 1912.

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is becoming more and more comprehensible to woman. But so far from being done for, he, like woman, is only just coming into his own. The Woman Question has brought a most formidable Man Question in its train. And I believe (if *tout comprendre* is not always *tout pardonner*) man, that is to say the Race, has nothing to fear from a more perfect understanding. In the long run he can only come out purified from this fiery ordeal of women's eyes.

In the long run. But now, when you have sifted all the evidence, what do you find at the bottom of the showing-up? What does it all amount to? Simply to what most people knew perfectly well before, not that man has no virtues, but that "virtue" is not conspicuously one of them, that in matters of sex feeling and of a sex morality man (let us admit it at once) is different from and inferior to woman.

I will not say how far this difference, this inferiority is fundamental and final; how far the difference is based on a vital difference of physiological function, and the inferiority on a social tradition that has almost the force and sanction of a vital law. There is a considerable divergence of opinion on both these heads. But it would seem that, though the difference may be final because fundamental, the inferiority is by no means so. Hitherto the difference and the inferiority have been bound up together, because hitherto the social tradition has followed more or less the laws of physiological function. These demand from the one sex an endurance, a devotion, a capacity for self-immolation, which, for the ends of nature and the race, would be not only a superfluous but a suicidal tax upon the other. That only one sex should pay is nature's economy. It happens to be woman. And you are bound, on a one-sided arrangement of this sort, to get, in sexual relations, a profounder feeling, a finer moral splendor, a superior sex virtue in the sex that pays. And that, I contend against all the Feminists, is not man's fault. It is something more primordial, more fundamental, and therefore more inevitable than his lust for possession, his sense of property in woman, or the subtle allurement of chastity for the unchaste. These things may have followed from many causes in the course of ages, but they belong to the superstructure, not to

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the foundation. Primordially and fundamentally the virtue of a woman is not man's, but nature's, care.

Now you cannot get behind a difference so fundamental, so primordial as this. That consecration of woman's womanhood to suffering, that fore-ordained sacrifice of her flesh, that perpetual payment in blood and tears, is no more to be altered than it is to be gainsaid. And if man is not responsible for it, neither, up to a certain point, is he responsible for the inferiority in sexual virtue that springs from the ethical inferiority of his sexual rôle. Up to a certain point that difference and inferiority is bound to be.

And that is man's tragedy. It *is* tragic that, in the stern economy of nature, woman's spirituality has been bought at the sacrifice of his. My friends the Feminists no doubt will tell me that the deplorable creature cannot sacrifice what he hasn't got. True—but he can perfectly well sacrifice what he might have had. He, too, has paid. He has paid with his spiritual prospects as she has with her body.

I am not sure that this indictment of man comes with a good grace from a sex that has been compelled to accept that sacrifice; a sex that not only has received the larger share of nature's stock of virtue, but that has been schooled, disciplined and tortured both by nature and by civilization into the practice of it. That sex has monopolized virtue at man's expense. He may plead in extenuation of his frailty that he is the spoiled darling of nature and that he hasn't had a chance.

It is a plea that Feminists cannot disregard. When the inferiority of woman in any branch of art or science is brought up against them, their answer is that she hasn't been so long at it as man, and that circumstances have been against her. She hasn't had a chance. And so it is with this inferiority of man in sexual morality. He hasn't been so long at it and circumstances have been against him. He has been handicapped throughout the ages. First, by this cruel economy of nature that has condemned him forever to the inferior moral rôle. Next, by the very conditions of his life. Throughout the ages he has been the getter, the procurer of life and of the means of life; and the struggle and labor of getting are not favorable to the development of

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the highest spirituality. "The upward look while the hand is busy" has not been possible for man, since his very existence has depended on the alertness of his earthward gaze. Spirituality, so difficult for him to come by, has been positively thrust upon woman. Born of her sacrificial destiny, it has been expected of her, nourished in her, guarded by all the sanctions of her life. She has had time for it, all the time of all the ages.

And yet, in spite of that, in spite of the comparative grossness of the male, fostered in him by nature and by circumstances, it has been men who throughout the ages have been the founders of religion, the pioneers of spiritual progress. Man's physical rôle has asserted itself on the immaterial plane. He is the begetter and the creator there. Woman has guarded and preserved the spiritual life his impulse gave her, if she has added to it inexhaustibly of her own. Insist, if you like, on man's grossness; it is hard to reconcile with the passion and vitality that has charged his spiritual impulse, if it be not the defect of his quality, the corruption of the best in him.

That corruption has been seldom more apparent than at the present day. For it is a day of getting, of concentration on material things. At the top of the social scale there is a struggle for the means of wealth and yet more wealth—at the bottom, a fiercer struggle for the very means of life. And whatever spiritual ferment works in the present industrial disturbance, man, immersed in the material welter, is more than ever handicapped. He is handicapped also by the past. What with past and present he hasn't had a chance.

And he may plead further that what chance he might have had has been taken from him by women. Women have, up till now, so played into his hands that, like Warren Hastings on his trial, he might protest that, when he considers his opportunities, he is astounded at his moderation. Women have been sedulously guarded from opportunity. Man, throughout the ages, has had opportunities hurled at him. All the princesses of Oude have thrown themselves at his feet or at his head.

And here, before I proceed further with this defence, let me say that I am aware of every count in the indictment. Much of it is justified, for in a wholesale charge many bullets find their

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billet. Much of it, equally, is bound to be wide of the mark. I have never known a wholesale charge that was not based on generalization from a collection of the worst cases. Arguments of that sort are dangerous, for they cut both ways. If man, brutal man, has preyed upon woman's weakness as well as on her strength, woman, the woman that civilization has produced, preys no less upon his. She preys with her strength, with her comparative coldness and security of temperament, upon passions whose violence and significance she realizes only as so much tribute to her power. She preys, not only with her strength, but with the irresistible appeal of her weakness. I do not hesitate to say that the pass we have come to, the extreme shakiness of man's standard of sexual morality to-day, is largely due to the debilitating, the disastrous influence of the Early and Mid-Victorian woman. Her wilful ignorance, her sentimentalism, her sex-servility amounted to positive vice, and could only be productive of viciousness in the unhappy males exposed to it. I say *hers;* because, if we may judge from the letters and memoirs of their times, the women of a century and more before her were not like her. Outspokenness, courage, an utter absence of the deceptions, hypocrisies and corruptions of sentimentalism characterized the Stellas and Vanessas of the first half of the eighteenth century and the women of Fanny Burney's generation. Prone to excess and trained to repression, the Victorian woman "took it out" in orgies of emotion. The perilous stuff in her showed itself either in supine adoration of the male, or in an exalted sensibility which was a subtle sensualism disguised. The man was not human who was not deceived and corrupted by it. His mother, his sisters, his wife, his aunts and his cousins worshipped him as a god on his own hearth, and when he left it he could not rid himself of the superstition of his divinity. No enlightenment came to him, for his women never saw him as he was. A god-like impunity sheltered him in all his lapses. He ran no risk of being found out, for he knew that his women did not want to find him out. They would have died rather. In the Victorian age man hadn't the ghost of a chance.

And the same matchless impunity hangs round him to-day; though we are far from the superstition of the hearth.

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My friends the Feminists will here remind me that man made that servile and insidious woman what she was, and that man makes her successor (a more frankly sensual enchantress) what she is. And there is some truth in it; but not the whole truth. The two sexes hang together, and there cannot be a low standard of sexual morality on man's part without some corresponding, if more secret, laxity on woman's. If we are what men have made us, men are, on the most favorable showing, what we have permitted them to be.

And we must remember that it is not always man alone who is burdened with the excess of temperament that urges toward laxity. There are women who work in his own kind and in his own manner at his perpetual undoing. Whether these women are all pathological and abnormal cases I leave to medical experts to determine. If it comes to pathology I am inclined to think that the monstrous male, the creature of cruelty and brutal passion who has figured so much in recent table talk, is a pathological case not much less abnormal than the wretch exposed on suffragist platforms,—and very rightly and properly exposed—in connection with the White Slave traffic. You might as well present a dipsomaniac as typical of masculine humanity. As with the dipsomaniac, such cases are produced, not only by hereditary excess in their own kind, but by hereditary alcoholism, by the unnatural repression and more unnatural license of their adolescence, and by the ever multiplying causes that make for nervous degeneration.

They tell me that the breed is on the increase. Well, it may be, and that is the most hopeful thing about it; for when it increases beyond a certain point it will not be tolerated. The society of the future will eradicate it, and if it does not nature will. The degenerate tends more and more to become sterile. Besides, he will not be able to tolerate himself. The furious inebriety of a hundred years ago is largely responsible for the temperance of to-day. Driven reluctantly to barley-water by the superhuman six-bottle virility of his grandfathers, the modern man has ended by getting fond of barley-water. And so it may well be with other heroic displays of masculinity. Man will abandon them first of all because he finds that they do not pay,

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that his fitness depends upon the Greater Temperance. He may not end by getting fond of one innocuous woman of the barley-water type. But he will end by caring and caring supremely for the virtue that preserves for him, not only the best in life, but the higher potentialities of passion. Up till now he hasn't had a chance to care. He could never have succeeded in his struggle toward sobriety if it had not been for the pressure of public opinion which began, and could only begin, in the good taste—the solitary and apparently fantastic ideal—of the few. Allowing, as we must allow, for every difference in the degree and quality of the temptation, so it will be with his progress toward the Greater Temperance; which seems now an ideal even more solitary, fantastic and forlorn.

Hitherto the public opinion of men and the private opinion of women has been all against his caring for it. For woman as a body representative of public opinion has had no existence up till now. Up till now the best of women had no knowledge to justify her opinion and no courage to enforce it if she had. Even now she has no political status to enforce her opinion. But let that pass; for up till now she herself has not greatly cared.

But look at the change that has come upon her. It is a spiritual change; a change in her whole consciousness, a twofold change. Not only is she conscious for the first time of herself as an individual with inalienable rights, as an end in herself; she is profoundly conscious of the race: the race whose guardian and saviour she is; the race that has its sanctuary in her blood and flesh. Yesterday she was not consciously aware of it. Yesterday she was tolerant of waste. On the subject of the prodigal husband, Edwardian Peggy was complacent and frivolously allusive. She closed her eyes to probability and could greet her Dicky with a dubious levity. "Dicky," she said, "if you *will* go out all night on a razzle-dazzle, you'll soon be quite, quite bald. I hate a bald man. And it's waste of hair." That was Edwardian Peggy's cheerful attitude. And Mid-Victorian Angelina was every bit as pointless. She was tender and tearful over the recurrent and incomprehensible absences of Edwin. "Isn't it a pity, Edwin, dear," she said, "to waste your time and health sitting up this way—at your club?" But the woman of to-day is

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not allusive; she says nothing about waste of hair, nothing about waste of time and health—*his* health. She says: "It is the flesh and blood and nerves of *my children* you are wasting. And I won't have it. For I *know!*" And the woman of to-morrow will not need to say it, for by that time man will himself know and care.

The modern woman will have given him his chance.

My Feminist friends again remind me that he has never given her hers, that he has obstructed her at every stage of her progress, her emancipation; that he is in deadly opposition to her at the present moment. "Can you," asks Miss Hamilton, "for sheer small spitefulness exceed—can you even equal—the attitude of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge toward those women who, were they men, would be entitled to its honors?" Well, perhaps you can't. Yet medical and university women have acknowledged and praised the courtesy, the understanding, the sympathy of men, the lecturers, demonstrators, tutors who helped them to their knowledge, men who would be the first to deplore the prejudice that still bars them from the recognized advertisement of it. Many women must consider that to have compelled the irony of "Above the Senior Wrangler" is a finer distinction than the actual degree. I, for one, would be sorry to lose this historic landmark. The opposition to woman's professional career is a dead thing and that landmark is its monument. The opposition to her political emancipation will be a dead thing to-morrow. And in the possible denial to her of a place in the Cabinet, its monument may be "Above the Prime Minister." For man cannot get rid of his habit of putting her above him on a pedestal.

Naturally, in the confusion and antagonism of this present moment of transition, both sides have lost sight of the pedestal and the woman on it. Woman, with every possible vehemence, with her last breath, is protesting against that pedestal. But the pedestal is there all the same.

And somewhere in the dim future, close beside it and of equal height, there is being gradually erected a pedestal for man. The women, the "unsexed," the emancipated women, are building it for him very much against his will. For man has never

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been put on a pedestal before. He doesn't know how it will feel, but he is pretty sure he won't like it. And it is partly the horror of that pedestal, raised for him so gratuitously out there in the Unknown, that is filling him with passion and fury and antipathy at the present hour. He is afraid not only of his destiny, but of he knows not what; of the invasion of the monstrous Epicene. He is oppressed with a nightmare vision of the *Nimmerweibliche*. But of one thing he need not be afraid. He won't be put on any pedestal till he is ready for it.

But it is there, in that equality of elevation, that the dream of the Feminists—the equality of the sexes—lies. Not, as Sir Almroth Wright would have us think, in any unnatural inversion of their rôles; not in the invasion of the Epicene; not even in the subjection of man (in "more licence for her and more restraints for him"), but in his deliverance. Woman is laboring at man's emancipation through her own. She desires to make easier for him what is so hard now, the approach to her quality in the spirit and degree in which she has approached his.

For what, in all these years, has actually happened? The more woman has come close to man in comradeship, the more she has shared his life in ways that are not sexual, the more she has absorbed his virtues. She is, of course, infinitely the more absorbent of the two. But man, though change in him may be slower, less apparent and more painful, is not impervious to the influences of change. You might almost wonder whether the two sexes are really so different, after all. Go down to the roots of language and you find that virtue is very much man's affair, that it signifies capacity to continue, and in continuing to guard the race. Only " by virtue " of her superior capacity, her more elaborate equipment, is woman's "virtue" superior to his. And it is in this radical sameness under all the difference that I find the justification of that hope, entertained even by advanced Feminists, that the inferiority of man's sexual morality is not for all time. Once convinced that temperance all round is good for him, he will approximate to woman's standard in this as he has already done in another direction. He is bound to come to it, seeing that his body is equally with hers the sanctuary of the race.

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If you ask *how?* in terms of practical politics, my friends the Feminists will tell you that for the enormous middle classes the first step has been taken already in the increasing economic independence of woman. When the average woman can afford either to choose her mate well, or abstain from mating, let her demand inexorably a finer spiritual quality in man, and man must ultimately develop it. Nature herself will see to that. It sounds simple, but I confess I don't see how economic independence is going to carry us very far. It might even prove disastrous by consigning to celibacy the exponents of the spiritual idea. I have more hope in that spiritual change in woman that has made a man of her, and must inevitably inspire her with the sporting virtue of giving man his change.

What is there degrading to his virility in this approximation? What is there epicene in it? Where is the unsexing? It is merely the inevitable adjustment of the balance of sex on the lines of a more complex evolution. In that change there will be no danger of unsexing; least of all, of the unsexing of woman. Nature would not permit it for a moment. Whatever happens, the *Immerweibliche* will not be destroyed, for nature has too much need of it; too much need of woman's womanhood, of her eternal magic and eternal passion.

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THE EARTH BOND

KATHARINE METCALF ROOF

THE tide that runs into Black Rock Inlet is swift on the rise and in the ebb, but at the flood there is a moment —hushed, portentous—when the waters pause, gathering strength for the turn, and the rapids become a moveless pool. It was then that Mary, leaning over the bridge, dropped a leaf upon their surface. We watched it as it lay there an instant motionless; then slowly the spirit that impels the waters lifted and bore it from our sight.

Beautiful, inexplicable Mary! The springs of her being remain as deep a mystery to me to this day as the unseen force that controls the tides. Years afterward I found Craig leaning on the bridge at that same crisis of the waters. Perhaps for all of us there is such a moment.

I have thought of the drama of their lives as Mary's story —for if I must start out to write romance, whom should it be about but Mary? Never was a being so inevitably created for the imagination to play upon. But since I have reviewed the curious psychology of the situation, it has come to me that it is after all Craig's story. If the tragedy of unfulfilment, as we are accustomed to rate such things, is Mary's, the human catastrophe is surely Craig's—as unlikely a subject for tragedy as was ever created, and as impotent to meet it;—poor Craig, for he has not Mary's unhuman vision which causes her to see the whole panorama of life impersonally, as might the returned spirit from some wiser, more radiant realm. That she had this power, not in her calm age—even now sufficiently remote—but in the day of her beautiful passionate youth, in the zenith of her promise and her powers, is only a part of the spiritual mystery of Mary. One disposed to occult philosophizings would have said that she was an " old soul " made perfect through many lifetimes of experience. Even the unimaginative in her presence seem dimly aware of that hovering suggestion of the light that never was. Yet it is a light that rests softly upon her, not to blind, but to

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illumine. I have a feeling that no one but Noel has ever come very near Mary. I mean spiritually near. Here am I, her cousin, living in the same house—for we have slipped into the arrangement since Craig went away; we sit together in the evening about the lamp, Mary's wonderful hands busy with some humble task, yet I never entirely lose the feeling that Brünhilde has condescended to mend Siegfried's girdle of skins. For some reason Mary has chosen to live among us—my imagination unconsciously frames it that way—but the essence of her spirit is remote. There was one who for an instant glimpsed her inner temple and upon him the door closed, as it had opened, of her will; as if, having seen it, he had forfeited the right to enter. Yet the goddess, instead of blinding him in pagan fashion, sent him away with a deathless vision in his heart. That vision of her he has wrought into his art.

The bond that drew Mary to earth—or say back to earth, if you care to reconcile it with such beliefs—entwined her destiny or her mission with the lives of those two—Craig and Noel. One could not regard the course of events in their conjoined lives as accidental. Should you become impatient here with my fantasies and speculations, please remember that this is a story of strange happenings in three human souls, and for the most part a wordless drama. Mary's course concerning those two whose lives became most closely interwoven with her own remains a mystery to the world; and, after all, are we ever entirely conscious of those inner sources of our being that move to action? Even the most unimaginative must have felt at times certain deeper intimations.

II

I am supposed to know Mary better than her other friends or relatives. If I do it seems to me that my nearness consists in my realization of her remoteness. Mary dwells upon heights, yet is not lonely as such dwellers are commonly supposed to be. I have sometimes thought that it is the degree of what Noel called my impersonality that has made Mary willing to permit

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me within the circle of her home, for there are things that Mary will not allow to come near her and others that she lives above, breathing her different ether. I know that in her all-wise, deep-seeing way she loves me, like a sort of spiritual mother. I am eight years younger, absorbed in my work, conscious of the outer world principally in tones and values and schemes of color; and Mary, who has inspired deep loves, wild passions and all degrees of personal attachment, knows that she has no need to fear my importunities. To me she is one of the wonderful products of life as the Mona Lisa is of art; a human being transposed to the ideal plane, too finely wrought to invoke our descriptive phrases in their common meanings. But it is no pagan art that Mary embodies. There is in her smile a more spiritual secret than that in the face of Leonardo's lady of mysteries.

She is the type of the goddess woman. Yet Ralph Ashburton loved her with a consuming passion; and Noel, while he glimpsed her as a goddess, loved her as a woman. But Craig saw her unimaginatively as his wife. Craig is a contented dweller in the plains, unaware of the existence of mountains. Perhaps you have decided that that is why she married him, secretly relieved to descend from her heights; but you could not think that if you knew Mary and apprehended even dimly the fine inscrutabilities of her spirit.

I have never tried to paint Mary's portrait, yet I am supposed to have a *flair* for likenesses. I once made a sketch of her standing high up against the sea in a blue fall mist, a suggestion, not a portrait. I should not dare attempt her face. I doubt if there is a painter living who could transpose to canvas more than her outlines. There are qualities in light that cannot be transmitted in art.

Mary was twenty-two and I fourteen when we first met. Some family feud of obscure beginnings had separated us up to that period. I saw her first standing valkyr-like upon the top of one of those stern Maine rocks, very much as I sketched her. She might indeed have gloriously flung out Brünhilde's cry, for she has the voice. I remember how she looked down at me and held out her hand to help me up. "So this is Nannie," she said with her smile, and I knew in that instant that she was beautiful

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and different from anything I had seen before, for even then the inner quality was stamped upon the outer mask. Aloof, even in that early stage of her youth, yet not cold; thinly and sensitively cut about the nostrils, her lips subtly moulded yet warm. Her quality, if transcendental, was not—has never been—ascetic. What I felt about her, most strongly then as now, was the sense of light.

I was a little afraid of her. Everyone was but Craig and her father, the bishop. Their code was too simple, their vision too limited to realize Mary. The bishop, I often thought, had his moments of half-conscious inferiority, but he was ambitious and concentrated upon his own affairs. People said that he had made her give up her musical career, but it is not true. It was Mary who chose to accede to his prejudice. If she had elected to go on, she would have swept aside the bishop like a leaf before the wind. She composed in the intervals of her housekeeping and social duties, but it was her work that she would always allow to be put aside or interfered with, yet not, I am sure, from any idea of duty as we understand it. Her compositions, although strikingly original, were not exotic. On the contrary, they were often contrived out of the simplest harmonic means, as she herself showed me at the instrument. You remember that Wagner's divine Walhalla motive was built out of the common chord. Yet some of her songs were as unearthly as Schumann's *Vogel Als Prophet.* I don't know enough of the quality and effects of different keys to explain these things, moreover I do not think Mary's music could be entirely explained. Music is the most psychic of the arts, musical genius the most inexplicable in its nature and manifestation. I must have recourse again to the fantastic and say that it always seemed to me as if in some way Mary had caught a far-off echo of that music of the spheres said to be a reality to the trained occultist. But she could sing Schubert's *Du Bist die Ruh* so that the eternal peace seemed to descend upon one; she could fling out the valkyrie cry with a voice like all the wild winds of heaven, and she could bring tears to your eyes with the humanity of a Grieg cradle song. To me Mary has always suggested both unattainability and the willingness to give all, to forswear godhood for

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love's sake. Yet it was not for love's sake that she finally took upon herself that which is reckoned woman's common destiny—that seemed another of the mysteries.

Mary and Noel met in England. He followed her to America on the next steamer. I realized the minute I saw her the something different in her face. She had a new unquiet beauty that made her for the time another being. It was then that Ralph Ashburton so spectacularly lost his head and haunted the place, threatening to shoot himself. Everyone was upset but Mary. She said he wouldn't do it, and he didn't. I felt at that time, without being able to analyze it, that in some way Mary's perfect harmony was disturbed. Obscure and contradictory currents commanded her being, yet she was wonderful, like a flower at full noon. Then Noel came and I understood. Noel was godlike in his way, too—a strong, radiant pagan god. I always mentally see him outdoors in the sunlight with green leaves in his hair. I once used him for a figure in a decoration, mythologically clad, piping upon a bank. When Mary saw it she smiled. "Yes, that is where he belongs," she said.

Looking back upon those days I can see that they had the quality of the thing that cannot last. It was like that first ineffable fleeting instant of spring with its impossible intimations. There is a kind of beauty that has that quality, a kind of love. There are some human beings who have it that die young.

One evening I came upon them on the shore. An intruder, I saw the thing that no other eye should have seen. At first I saw only their silhouettes against the sky, then Mary turned, moonlight and fading daylight revealing her face. I saw her put out her hands to him, then I fled. When they speak of Mary's coldness I recall her face as it looked then. Mary cold —as the blue part of the flame is cold, as white heat is like ice!

Then, some weeks later, came that other evening, when we walked—Mary and I—down to the bridge, and leaning upon its edge looked into the dark water at the moment of flood tide, and Mary dropped a leaf upon its surface. I felt dimly then that the thing going on in her soul was like that mystery of the waters. For I had seen her looking at Noel as a mother who knows of her approaching death might watch her unconscious

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child. First in the force of her great human experience, Mary seemed to relinquish herself to love. All that Noel knew of mortal happiness was compressed into those few weeks. Then the tide began to run slowly to its pause. I felt that she struggled, an awesome struggle to contemplate in such a nature. I saw but the ripple on the surface. But to me the faintest shadow upon her fine brows meant a greater expression than the most unrestrained outbreak of lesser natures.

He knew, poor Noel, at least that one supreme moment of her surrender. Poor Noel, do I say? Rather, rich—even though the great gift was only his for a brief hour; richer perhaps in his memories than other men in their tangible possessions. "What we have had we always have," I heard him say to her once not long before the end came. Perhaps he had some premonition of that end. Certainly his life and his work have proved the reality of his spiritual possession of Mary. In his sculptured angel in Christ Church—that group about which so many pages of appreciation have been written—it seems to me that he has caught the reflection of the all-encompassing love she turned upon him at the last.

III

The occurrences of that night when the tide in Mary's soul turned to send Noel from her forever, seemed like the fantastic improbable course of a dream. The date had been set for the wedding, the invitations even were in the house—I came upon some of them in the attic the other day. The bishop—who was a worldling if there ever was one, and had been opposed to the engagement because Noel was an Englishman and an impecunious artist—was beside himself when told that Mary had broken her engagement. It is my belief that he dreaded a scandal more than the damnation of his soul.

I was washing paint brushes when a message came from Aunt Susan, incoherent yet imperative, delivered by a staring Irish maid evidently partially in the secret of the agitation. I took off my painting apron and hurried into my wraps. As we

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went in the door, Aunt Susan came out of the half-lighted drawing room and drew me inside. I heard the bishop's voice from the library above—rhetorical, denunciatory, resounding.

Aunt Susan's gray hair was rakishly disarranged, her nose pink from weeping. In sentences without end or beginning she conveyed the terrible fact. Mary had broken her engagement on the eve of the wedding. She had never seen the bishop so angry. Did I think I could do anything with Mary? I smiled at that.

"Come upstairs," Aunt Susan urged weakly, distractedly, "perhaps we can"—her tone faded away before the dread sounds we were approaching. I was not afraid of the bishop, but poor Aunt Susan had been in subjection to him all her life. Truly his voice, so effective in the pulpit, was awesome if not noble in his wrath. But when I reached the door I was barely conscious of that so-imposing gentleman holding the centre of the stage, for all I could see was Mary—white, still wonderful, her hands clasped, her eyes upon her father's face.

"Why in the name of common decency," he was demanding, "what is your reason now? Why won't you marry him?"

She shook her head. It was some time before she spoke. "I can't, father."

"If you don't love him——" the bishop thundered, "for God's sake, haven't you had time to find it out before?" The great churchman's tone was not devout.

"If I don't love him——" Oh, the light in Mary's face, the tone in her voice! She never finished; instead she smiled.

"But why—what——!" The bishop became inarticulate. "What am I to say? What explanation do you expect to give?"

"I have given it to *him*." Mary's lips closed over the last words. Accused, she answered with no suggestion of apology.

"Perhaps, then," the bishop's sarcasm was ponderous, "you will condescend to pass it on to me?"

She made a gesture. "You wouldn't understand, father." And it was as if she pitied him. I am not sure that she suffered then. Her struggle was past. And looking at her, anyone but the bishop might have felt the futility of expostulation.

"What do you expect me to tell the world at large? What

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reason am I to give?" The bishop could only revolve in his circle. I wondered that he dared speak so to her.

"Is it necessary," Mary spoke without sarcasm, "that they should know my reasons?"

"You are my daughter," the bishop reminded her, "in a prominent position, open to attack——" He waited for her answer, but none came. His brow darkened. "What am I to say?" he thundered.

"What you choose," she said, and turned to leave. At the door his voice detained her. "I will wait a while before making any announcement. You may change your mind again." Then for an instant some spasm like fear or pain passed over her face and she stood very still, looking at him, yet past him. "No," she said softly at last, and again after a moment, "No." She went into the hall. Then I saw that Noel stood there. She paused. They looked each other in the face. Neither of them spoke. I don't know whether her hands went out toward him or whether I have unconsciously dramatized something I recognized in her face, but in that silence of her withholding I apprehended, even more than in that other unspoken moment of her giving, how she loved him. She turned at last and went past him up the stairs. It was such a moment as that when the poignant strain of Brünhilde's human tragedy cries out in the violins.

When she had left us my eyes went back to Noel, and I perceived one thing clearly; more than any of the rest of us he understood. He had not come to importune or question her. He went into the library. What passed between him and the bishop I do not know. He went back to England soon after that. None of us have seen him since that day.

Later in the evening I went in to see Mary. I shrank from the intrusion, but thrust almost into her door by Louie and Aunt Susan, I finally went. It was their idea that I might have "some influence," or at least get at some solution of the mystery.

I knocked at her door and she answered, "Come in," calmly enough. She sat at the window looking into the street. The light was turned low.

She said my name as I entered and smiled. I went up to her and stood dumbly looking at her. "They have sent you in,"

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she said. "Is it in the hope of persuading me or only to ask my reasons?" She knew that I had not wanted to come. I sank on a stool near her. "Oh, Mary," I said, "forgive me. It was dreadful of me to come."

"Why no, child," she said. Mary's voice was low, but you could always hear it at the farthest corner of the room. "Why shouldn't you? I am not going into a nunnery."

"Oh, Mary," I cried—I had had no intention of saying it, but I remembered how she had looked at Noel when I had seen them alone on the shore, and the thing swept me overwhelmingly —"How can you—when you love him so!"

She looked through the window as if she saw something at a great distance. "Something holds me back," she said at last.

There was no question of her doubting Noel. Surely no question of her doubting herself. What then? What did she mean, what was it that held her back? I did not understand, but I dared not ask.

IV

The years passed. There were always lovers about Mary. Aunt Susan hoped in vain that Mary would "become interested" in one of them. The bishop died, and we said that now at last Mary could live her own life. For a time it seemed as if that was what she intended to do. She began to compose again. Those echoes of the music of the spheres seemed to come more distinctly. Her music began to attract wider attention. Then in the midst of it, just, as one critic expressed it, as we seemed upon the eve of entering a new world of tone, she elected to marry Craig, the most unlikely, if not the most unworthy, of her admirers; and again gave up her work. Their union was indeed a paradox. As Mary is the embodiment of dream and mystery, Craig is the furthest possible remove from such things. Craig is concrete, an expression of the sensible, the every-day. He is masculine, dog-like, concerned with the practical and the immediate. To me it was almost equally difficult to explain Mary's attraction for him, so little did she resemble his other tastes and preferences. Craig is an honorable gentleman, a selfish,

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devoted husband. An earthling avowedly, with no unanswered questions in his soul, nor vague yearnings after the infinite.

Mary was twenty-five when she married. At forty she was not less beautiful, rather more so to all eyes but those of the frank Philistine, for by that time what we call the soul had wrought more clearly upon the material substance. They had two children, both boys. I have seen her but rarely embrace her children, and then at the sight felt some such sense of withdrawal as I did from the look I saw in her face when she was alone with Noel. Mary knows more about the deep nature of love than the rest of us. With her children she acts only upon considerations of their highest good. There is no sacrifice of which she is not capable for them. She sent them away from her to school when they were young because they had a tendency—boys as they were—especially Peter—to love her too much for the development of their self-reliance. Other people can say that they could not be cared for as they could in their homes, but I can assure you that if anything had gone wrong with either of them Mary would have known it before anyone nearer by could have told her.

Craig loved Mary in his own fashion at a pitch less high than that of her other lovers. He did not worship her. An ardent lover at first, he soon settled into comfortable unromantic domesticity, unhesitatingly making demands of various kinds upon her. I have seen Mary waiting upon Craig, but I have never become accustomed to the sight, even though I see it always as the condescension of the goddess. Craig lived for fifteen years unaware that Mary was in any special way different from other women. Craig's psychology was primitive enough.

There is a story of the Chinese goddess Tchi-niu who appeared to a poor slave working in the rice fields and became his wife. For years she lived with him in his hut weaving wonderful silks upon her loom and selling them until she had bought his freedom. And all the time he remained quite unaware of her divinity. Then one day he looked up from his couch to see her an instant clothed in the dazzling radiance of the goddess before she disappeared from his sight forever. So it was many years after the period when mystery is supposed to survive between husband and wife that the revelation of Mary came to Craig.

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Up to that time Craig had lived his comfortable mundane round, taking his petty troubles to Mary's divine wisdom very much as the children did. She was at once their divinity and their slave. She never did what is known as living her own life once in those fourteen years of her marriage. What went on in the hidden regions of her soul no one knows. I often used to wonder then if she wished things different.

Craig was happy, although I doubt if he had sufficient self-consciousness to be aware of the fact. He was just doggishly, boyishly content. He would perhaps never have realized the thing by his unaided observation, but the sign-post was furnished and so the moment came when the tides stood still in his boy soul and a hand dropped a leaf upon the surface.

Craig knew vaguely that there had been an old love affair, as he probably would have called it, between Mary and Noel, and no doubt if questioned he would have declared with a conviction guiltless of egoism that Mary was fortunate in having selected the less visionary and more practical suitor. Craig had a characteristic distrust of artists. The love of Noel and Mary was a thing I would have said that he could not apprehend, even to such extent as a faithful dog may be conscious of the things passing in his master's soul. For a dog, it must be admitted, has intuitions, and Craig would have unhesitatingly declared such a faculty unhealthy. Poor Craig! I see him now gazing Enoch Arden-like in at the window of his late home. Perhaps when he, too, through suffering has achieved his soul he may return to it.

It was a few days after Noel's group had been placed in Christ Church that we went in to see it, Craig and Mary and Ralph and I. Ralph, although long since restored to sanity, loved Mary still, the only gleam of aspiration in his frankly material make-up.

"You have only to look at the angel," he said to Mary, "to know that he loves you still." Craig glanced at Mary. Ralph moved to see the angel from another viewpoint. Craig's mind never works quickly upon a new idea, but I was conscious of something in his face, a shadow that passed after a moment into a gleam of boyish triumph. "Yet you didn't love him,

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Mary," he said in a low voice for her ear. She did not answer, but that did not disturb him. The solid fact he had just formulated evidently brought him all the necessary reassurance. Ralph rejoined us then.

"But it *is* you," he said to Mary, "absolutely! Just look at it from the other side. Only a man who loved you could have done it."

"Only a man she loved," was my amendment.

Craig walked around the group viewing it from the other side, where a many-colored light from a stained glass window fell upon the angel's wings. When he rejoined us, Ralph asked him again, "Don't you see it?" And Craig answered with the unenthusiastic assent of the matter-of-fact observer, "Yes—the shape of the head and something about the forehead."

Ralph glanced at him with a queer smile. I knew he was thinking, "And that man is Mary's husband!"

Craig did not talk on the way home. We were often separated on the crowded avenue, and there was a strong dust-choked wind, a typical New York day. Our conversation was too desultory for the fact of his silence to be remarkable. Yet when we got home, as I started to go upstairs—they had gone into the library—I overheard some conversation between them that proved he had not failed to note Ralph's comment.

"Did you ever fancy him, Mary—that sculptor?" Craig asked her. I heard her quiet voice, "Of course, Craig. He was very wonderful."

"And yet"—Craig pursued the simple thread of his reasoning—"you didn't marry him. Why?"

There was a little pause and I could imagine that she smiled.

"Didn't he——" Craig's processes were not coarse, but they were ungraceful. "Didn't he ask you?"

Again her answer did not come at once, although there was no sound of embarrassment or agitation in her voice. "Yes, dear . . . he asked me."

I knew that Craig spoke again in the tone of question, and although I was walking away, I could not help hearing her reply because her tones have that peculiar carrying quality. "I am not going to answer any more foolish questions." She spoke lightly, affectionately, as if to a child.

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That, as I trace it, was the beginning of the dawn of consciousness in Craig's mind. I saw it growing more clearly than he, in his boyish dumbness, could have told me. It was no vulgar suspicion or doubt of Mary's love; indeed in the circumstances he must have been an Othello to have been jealous, and there was nothing of the histrionic in Craig's nature. What he began to glimpse without ability to formulate it was the fact that there had been some greater love, some mystery of renunciation in Mary's past.

One day, perhaps through some awkward attempt to question Aunt Susan on the subject, he stumbled, apparently for the first time, upon knowledge of the fact of Mary's broken engagement. And I, who seemed destined to be a spectator, heard the conversation between them when he brought the naked facts, bald, awkward, dissociated, to Mary's contemplation, hoping against hope, I suppose, for reassuring explanation.

I was in the dining room with some work spread out on the table. Mary was at her desk in the next room writing letters. The communicating door was open when Craig came in. I did not feel any necessity to move. Mary knew I was there, and having lived as long as I had in their home, I had recognized the fact that there were few conversations between them that would not admit of the presence of other members of the family.

Craig attacked the main issue without prelude. "You never told me that things went so far as an engagement with Noel Vaughn," he said.

Mary answered as if pausing an instant in her writing. "Yes. It went as far as that."

A silence followed. I seemed to see poor Craig giving her hurried glances, then staring down at the carpet as was his habit when attempting to put his feelings into speech. "You broke it off without giving any reason just before the wedding?"

"Two weeks before," Mary answered, writing again, I felt, though I could not see.

Craig was unused to diplomatic probings. He voiced what seemed to him the rational inference bluntly. "It was, I suppose, something you found out about him?"

I knew that she paused then, her eyes looking off an instant. "No, nothing that I found out about him."

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Poor Craig burst forth desperately. "For God's sake, what then?" It was a longer pause and I suppose he suffered while he waited.

"Perhaps something that I found out about myself." She put it that way at last. I wondered if she felt her inner shrine invaded, violated.

"You mean," Craig stammered in his attempted translation, "that you didn't after all love him enough?"

I heard Mary rise then. "Not just that, dear." It was seldom she called Craig or anyone by a term of endearment, for all her implied, her infinite tenderness. "Why do you want to talk about it after all these years? It all happened so long ago." She crossed the room. I saw her as she passed him lay a light hand on his hair, then his shoulder. He looked up at her, with the look you see only in the eyes of the inarticulate. She had silenced but not satisfied him. The knife turned by his own hand had not found the cause and had but inflicted the deeper wound.

V

That conversation, I suppose, marked the beginning of his deeper and more conscious pang—an apprehension of what he had never had, perhaps never could have. Living in the house as I did that summer I could see the gulf widen and I could not say at first whether Mary was not aware of it or saw it differently with her eyes fixed on the larger issues. Later I came to see that she overlooked it as she did lesser things, believing that it would come right in the end, and perhaps foreseeing that it must before Craig could come into possession of his spiritual inheritance.

Poor Craig, he was struggling dumbly, blindly, toward the discovery of that hard lesson, that the destiny of the human soul is lonely. It would be long before he attained to that other and wider vision of service. It was as if a dog must be taught to speak. It seemed to me that he had not progressed far enough in spiritual discipline to be forced to acceptance of that last hard

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truth. Yet since he had inadvertently hitched his wagon to a star it became his fate to journey into a far country.

I saw that he began to watch Mary. A dozen times a day I caught him covertly staring at her. Often he would stay away evenings—Craig, who hated what he called gadding and clung to his own hearthstone. When he would come in I could see how he turned from her welcoming smile. She never asked where he had been or expressed surprise at his absences, although always looking glad to see him when he came. Yet he would turn away from her as from a sight that hurt.

After that there was a brief period when he would hardly leave her and followed her about with the wistful eyes of a dog. It seems impossible to escape from the dog simile in describing Craig. Her tenderness with him was painful, but it was powerless to heal the wound. Once he went off on an alleged business trip for a week, sending back word of his departure by telegram. He returned moody and silent.

He went up to Black Rock with us and stayed several days, settling many of the tedious matters attendant upon the opening of the house that he had usually left to Mary; then he went off again. All that time I feel sure there had been no further conversation between them on the subject. I realized that the thing had passed beyond that possibility. But all the time Mary's love encompassed him as a mother watches her child through some crisis that it must meet alone.

Craig returned at the end of the week, his ruddy face haggard. We were sitting as usual around the lamp. I heard a sound on the porch, and looking up saw his face at the window. I was the only one that saw him. Poor Enoch Arden, he saw no supplanter, only his serene goddess engrossed in her maternal mending, with their boys beside her. He vanished in the moment of my discovery, and I was struggling with an eerie impression that I had not really seen Craig in the flesh, when we heard the front door close and the next minute he entered.

He went right up to Mary. He seemed not to see the rest of us; he even disregarded the boys' cheerful "Hello, dad!" He took her shoulders in a hard grip and held her off, staring into her eyes.

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"Have you missed me, Mary?"

His voice was strange, but she made light of his mood, laughing gently. "Of course, you absurd boy." But Craig did not smile. He continued to stare down at her. There was something graver than jealousy in his eyes.

At last he moved to turn away, but she caught one of his hands in both of hers and said his name, a gentle caressing sound of protest. Detained, he turned upon her suddenly and caught her in his arms as if he would have kissed her, passionately like a lover, then as suddenly he dropped his arms and drew back with an exclamation, and left the room.

Mary stood a moment doubtfully, then saying that poor Craig had been upset lately with business matters, went after him. It was the first time I had known her to make use of conventional subterfuge. I suppose she felt it a necessity with the children's staring eyes upon her. Although most often serene and hopeful, Mary was not unsympathetic. It was only that hers was the larger and wider sympathy. There were moments when the pain of the world, collective and individual, seemed to press unendurably upon her. And I saw then what I had been doubtful of before, that she had seen and felt with, as well as above, the struggle in the poor boy's nature.

The next day I found Craig on the bridge looking into the water. I stopped beside him with the idle question, "What are you doing?" And he answered literally, with unconscious symbolism, "Waiting for the tide to turn."

I stopped beside him, and saw that the swinging waters were at their pause. Craig dropped a twig and watched it silently. Suddenly he turned to me.

"Nannie," he said, "you know Mary very well, don't you?"

It was an odd question to come from Craig, and I placed it as a measure of the distance he had already travelled toward understanding when he added, "As well, that is, as anyone knows her."

"Mary is not like other women," I said at last, choosing my remark with difficulty, for all its banality.

"No," he agreed eagerly, "she isn't. You feel that, don't you, too—that we don't exactly understand her?"

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I answered before I thought, as if I were not speaking to Craig, "I shouldn't dream of even daring to think I could make a diagram of Mary."

He looked up at me doubtfully. "I am beginning to see that. I mean that I have never really known her, you know." He said it in a slow, uncertain way like a child called upon to think out some problem too difficult for it. I tried to present the situation in a comforting light. "There is always something new and wonderful to discover in her."

But his "yes" came heavily. Suddenly he broke out. "Is it possible, do you think, to know some one a long time and never really know them?"

I answered more carefully that time. "I think one has those surprises with people." I felt as if I were talking with a child, yet Craig was dominant enough in the practical emergencies of life.

"To live with some one for years,"—he plodded awkwardly along the course of his new thought—"and then to wake up and find them—well—almost really a stranger." He became self-conscious in the midst of his painful reasoning and forced a pitiful smile. "It sounds a sort of fairy story, doesn't it?"

"Human relations are mysterious things," I murmured. Craig was not really at ease with words, so it always seemed as if his understanding was as inadequate as his use of them. I felt as if I were trying to make a wounded animal understand the mystery of his pain. Then I found him looking at me with tortured eyes and knew that he had reached the place where men discard all but the raw realities. He gripped my arm. "Nannie," he said, then he paused. It came slowly. I glanced aside, reluctant to meet his eyes, and noticed that the twig he had dropped into the pool was being slowly drawn out to the open sea, and I wondered fancifully if the returning tide would bring it in again. "Nannie,"—Craig's desperate voice recalled me—"why did Mary break her engagement with Noel Vaughn? Why did she marry me instead?"

I could not quite face it. I knew too much. "Surely," I tried to reassure him, "you know better than anyone else can tell you why Mary married you."

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He shook his head. The storm began to shake him. I was frightened, for Craig, if simple, was no weakling. I began to realize for the first time how powerful a force was his love for Mary.

"You were her deliberate choice." I tried desperately to reassure him. "She was not a child. There were other men. Many men have been in love with Mary." I had often wondered if he had grasped that fact, so assured was he in his utter possession of her. I began to realize now that that certainty was after all only his good simple loyalty that had taken all things for granted implicitly with her promise.

"I know, I know," he repeated. "Men have always admired her."

"Although she is not quite human," I added involuntarily and he caught it up.

"She isn't, is she? As you say—she is not quite like other women. And Vaughn"—he returned wistfully to the troubling unanswered question. "I have never seen him. But he must have been more her sort than a man like me." The reflection came slowly. "I don't just understand. What was the matter? It couldn't have been a lovers' quarrel. You couldn't quarrel with Mary."

"No, it wasn't a quarrel," I said. Again I recognized that his eyes were no longer those of the Craig I had known.

"She—loved him, didn't she? But not enough to marry him, perhaps—she wasn't quite sure of herself, perhaps——" It was the ground he had gone over with Mary.

"Perhaps that was it," I agreed; but he cried out:

"No, no, she *did* love him enough! I believe she loved him more—more than——" He couldn't finish that. His agitation, although so restrained, was painful. His breath came hard. "It is just one of those things, one of those queer things we can't explain—how people get married to the wrong people——"

"To the wrong people?" I took him up there at least. "Dear Craig, Mary could not marry the wrong person, she sees too far." His wistful uncomprehending eyes clung to mine, craving assurance. I dwelt upon the simple fact. "Surely she has been—you have both been—very happy."

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He turned his eyes upon the water.

"Yes, we have been happy. But if it would make her happier I would give her up, even now, to him."

He had reached the peaks of renunciation already then, poor Craig.

"You couldn't do that," I told him, unable to make clear to him that Mary had so utterly given herself to Noel in the spiritual sense that nothing remained to be given, and that indeed what Mary had denied was assuredly not in Craig's power to give.

"I suppose not," he said. He turned, facing the direction away from home, and began to walk slowly along the road. "The tide is going out," he remarked glancing back at the moving rapids. In the mood he had conjured up I was able to feel his remark as symbolic. I laid my hand on his arm.

"Don't do anything to make Mary unhappy," I urged him. I shall never forget the look he turned upon me.

"To make Mary unhappy!" He smiled and shook his head. "That isn't in my power," he said.

"You are wrong, Craig, you are mistaken when you say that." I contradicted him then positively enough, but I did not convince him.

"If I go away she will just wait till I come back. My absence will not really trouble her. She—she—sort of lives in her thoughts," he concluded wistfully.

He was right, in part, at least. Mary has lived in her thoughts this year of Craig's absence. Some of them she has written into music—but as one would note an occurrence in a diary or in a letter to a friend rather than as a work seriously focussed upon. Mary has genius just as Noel has. She brought his to flower. For her own she does not seem to care. Her attitude toward Craig's absence is still something of a mystery. I cannot see that she misses him as, for all her perfectly balanced renunciations, she misses the children when they are away from her. As with all her tender practical care of them she is preëminently a spiritual mother, so to my mind she is spiritually Noel Vaughn's mate. It is something of a mystery to me still—the nearness and the farness of Mary's relation to Craig. Of course, although she was in his daily life, she was in the deeper

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sense utterly remote from it. If he had had an iota of intuition in his composition he must have known it, but he has not. He is, as I have tried to show you, the purely masculine creature, a practical business man—so I have heard him describe himself. He was at home only evenings and Sundays and that time Mary had always relinquished to him as a child is given a promised holiday. She did not seek to develop Craig morally, intellectually or æsthetically. He was very nearly tone-deaf. Her music said nothing to him and I am not even sure that he didn't dislike it. She just cared for him perfectly and let him live in her light. They spent his daytime holidays outdoors, enjoying it in their different ways. Perhaps he felt vaguely the force of her warm and radiant spirituality, giving it no name. Upon the creature of sense the first impressions must be of the senses. As he had loved her first with little conscious spiritual apprehension, so the first awakening of the spirit brought back something of the wistful lover attitude. I could see Mary dealing with it by the same law, unresisting, ungiving, until at last he felt—obscurely, incoherently, one may be sure—that he was seeking union with her by the wrong path. "Our human relationships often separate us instead of drawing us together," Mary said once. I do not say that that is my belief, only that it seemed to be the law of her being.

And so poor wounded Craig turned to retrace his steps to the foot of the mountain he had sought to circle rather than to scale.

VI

It was one evening after he had gone away that Mary and I spoke of Noel. Simply and naturally she touched upon the fact of her broken engagement.

"Even he could not quite understand," she said, "but he accepted me always without question."

"I did not understand, either," I told her after the long silence of the years. "I knew it was not because you did not love him enough."

She glanced at me. Some strange spirit looked out of her

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eyes at that moment, as if at my words some not entirely vanquished current of the past had for an instant been set in motion.

"I loved him too much," she said. "It was so strong—I had to put it away."

I saw then that it was in some sort an obsession, but one of the spirit not of the nerves. There are those who might characterize Mary's rejection of Noel, her acceptance of Craig, as the inconsequent impulse or the neurotic fancy of genius. But such psychology has no place in Mary's world. There is nothing febrile or ill-balanced in her spirit. Mary is utter harmony; and, like the goddess in the legend, I feel now that she elected the experience of wifehood and maternity, rejecting where she loved too much, assuming it in such conditions as could leave that inner shrine free from the encroachment of the fever of earthly love, divining, if at first she did not realize completely, that her destiny or her development, as you choose to call it, demanded that she should reject the thing that drew her too strongly down to the earthly plane. And so she obeyed, even if to some extent unconsciously, the law of her own being.

I carried our conversation a little further then—it was the only one we have ever had on the subject. "But Noel——" I said. "You thought of his side too, of course. Where did he come in?"

She made a little gesture. "He had his message to deliver, and now—he has delivered it magnificently, completely."

I understood then that Noel's destiny had been included in her rejection, and indeed his soul had grown too with his enforced renunciation.

You see, in Mary the instinct of possession had become nonexistent. The last thread of that strongest passion of humanity had been severed in her renunciation of Noel. With that act she had enabled herself to love him upon a different plane. That he was and still is nearer to her than any soul on this planet, is one of the few things in this world that I am utterly sure of. I did not understand so well then and I pushed my questions farther.

"And you, your voice, your music—have you never regretted giving up that?"

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"My music?" she smiled. "Why—I still have it."

"But the career," I ventured, "the complete development?"

She shook her head. "Those things come in their time. I have given up nothing. Nothing is lost."

It sounded rather Maeterlinckian, and I demanded, somewhat in the manner of the late bishop, "But how—why? What do we know after all, except the here and now?"

Mary's eyes seemed fixed on some point farther than other eyes might see. "We *feel* certain things deep down," she said.

You can explain it as I have said before, by those Eastern beliefs in Karma and reincarnation, of the influence of the loves and hates of other lives upon this. For myself, I but dabble inconclusively in the occult; neither have I a soul to agonize with the higher issues like Mary's. Yet we could suppose the affair of Mary and Noel to be some karmic reflection of their love in other lives, and that Mary, being what is known as a soul high in incarnation, knew that that love must not meet completion on this plane. In any case she put out the consuming flame and took up the candle, and never once—of that I am certain—felt regret.

Sometimes when she pauses in her work I see a look in her eyes as if she were with poor wandering Craig, encompassing him with her tenderness, her pity and her trust. Perhaps he is right and she knows that he will return. She knows *something* that is the real secret of Mary—that the rest of us do not know.

Noel has wrought his vision of her into art. He does not need our pity. Yes, I was right at the beginning when I said that this is Craig's story. Mary is some expression of the divine essence, as other great influences in the world have been, and that human side of her that had power to tear at the hearts of Noel, of Ralph, of Craig, was left by no chance in her rare and exquisite being. It was perhaps the means to draw them to self-realization, which I suppose is what it means to achieve a soul. But sometimes in the evening when we sit together about the lamp and I look at Mary, so beautiful, so delusively human, my heart aches for poor Craig upon his soul's steep pilgrimage.

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THE COWARDICE OF AMERICAN LITERATURE

HANNA ASTRUP LARSEN

APOLOGISTS for American literature, since they cannot claim for it any great heights or depths, are unstinted in their praise of its negative virtues. It is, they assert, clean and decent. It is clean, because of its Anglo-Saxon reticence. But reticence is not an especial Anglo-Saxon attribute; it characterizes all great art. Shakespeare never in his maturer works allowed himself the orgy of voluptuous imagery in *Venus and Adonis,* yet that poem is almost forgotten, while the few quiet lines in which Viola tells of the passion that preyed on her like a worm i' the bud are among the most quoted passages in Shakespeare. Goethe is reticent in *Faust,* but where in all literature do we find anything that pierces the marrow of our bones like Gretchen's lament before the image of the Virgin? Even Ibsen with his pitiless searchlight never forgets his dignified reserve, though some of his followers have used his example as an excuse for dabbling in the superficialities of their own prurience.

Reticence, however, does not mean the ignoring of essentials; it is rather a freeing them from disturbing details. A marble by Rodin with its fine planes and masses is reticent. The Laocoön, a mass of writhing muscle, is garrulous. Rembrandt is reticent, when he passes beyond the momentary mood of his model to paint a lifetime in the glance of an eye. Reticence is not puerility. It is a good, virile word, implying in its very origin that something greater is held in reserve. The trouble with many American writers is that, while they parade the veil of reserve, there is nothing behind the veil. It covers emptiness.

The avidity with which Americans read the French, Russian and Scandinavian writers shows that they are thirsting for an art that shall not be unacquainted with life. Yet they cannot entirely slake that thirst through foreign writers. In coming from our own writers to the Russian in particular, we seem to be transported to a region where the passions stalk around naked, and we do not feel at home. It is not so much that we would have the huge, shaggy, brawny creatures slightly draped;

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it is rather that the monsters themselves are not of our flesh and blood. The passions and emotions among us take other forms, and we want our own writers to give them bodies that we can recognize.

We have an army of brilliant fiction writers, but they are busy manufacturing a commercial article aptly called mental chewing gum. They have turned their back on truth, till truth has forsaken them. They have worked with one eye on the gallery, till they have forgotten that the gallery—taking that word in the sense of the wider public—wants truth and reality above all things. It listens to those who have a message.

Hawthorne certainly made no bid for popularity, when he wrote *The Scarlet Letter*. He does not concede an iota to the "prurient curiosity" that is supposed to be the motive impelling people to read stories of illegitimate passion. From first to last he is consistent in his own Puritanic ideal. And what a subtle touch it is to show the effect of Hester's unfaithfulness on her husband's character, transforming him from an ordinary decent citizen into a fiend! Hawthorne himself thought *The Scarlet Letter* too gloomy to appeal to the multitude. His publisher had so little faith in its selling qualities that he ordered the type to be distributed after the first edition had been printed. The story of its reception is well known. The first edition was exhausted in ten days, and the book had to be set up again. It brought the author letters from perfect strangers who were troubled and appealed to him as to a father confessor. After sixty years it is still considered the greatest American novel ever written, and is, in fact, the only popular book Hawthorne ever produced.

The American nation just now is restlessly seeking the truth that lies between the negation of the old Puritanic ideal and the new worship of the nature forces, between the old ideal of obedience to law at any cost and the new doctrine of individualism. The wide interest roused by the books of those few present-day writers who attempt to deal earnestly with problems of sex shows that the general reader is not afraid of those who cut below the surface, even when the waters that well from the deep are bitter.

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American fiction until recently was so moral as to be immoral, because it had no place for truth. It dealt largely and extensively with love, while ignoring the very basis of love. A great change has come over the range of subjects that are considered permissible in literature. Only one decade ago Mrs. Ward was censured for giving us an "immoral" heroine in *Lady Rose's Daughter,* and the daily papers wrote editorials ponderously setting forth that a heroine did not need to be immoral in order to be interesting. Last year Maurice Hewlett gave us Sanchia of a much deeper dyed impropriety, and no editorials were written. Evidently the watchers on the wall of morality were napping, or perhaps they were becoming accustomed to the attacks and had ceased to regard them seriously.

There have been many novels recently by people who think they can achieve the Ibsenesque merely by having one of their lovers married to some one else. This, however, does not bring us a hair's breadth nearer to an artistic treatment of the psychology of the emotions that centre around sex. The problems that take no account of legitimacy or illegitimacy, but rest on the dualism of human nature, are still, except in a few instances, unsolved and almost untouched. They are the tragedies of those who have followed the lower, till, when the higher shows its face, they have no strength to seek it—of those who are drawn with a part of their nature to that which their other self loathes —of those who have sinned against their own ideals, and of those who, being true to them, have felt themselves growing worse instead of better because of the sacrifice. But all of those things our alleged problem writers walk around as a cat walks around a dish of hot porridge, to use a homely Norwegian proverb.

No one would wish to see a literature like that of the younger Danish school, in which the men are imitation Oswalds and the women wantons. While these books have their place, because they picture a phase of human life artistically, with psychological insight and brilliant technique, they fail to reach the highest in literature, because they are one-sided and distorted. But if some one, seeing life wholly, were to set free with the touch of genius that imprisoned cry—imprisoned, be-

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cause we are such a respectable people—what a soughing of a breath of relief would pass over the land from the east to the west.

A writer in a religious journal said, not long ago, that if anyone were to dig up, a few hundred years hence, the literature of our time, he would not know from it that Christianity existed. A few years ago an occasional athletic parson, trying to infuse ideals through the medium of football, would wander through the pages of a contemporary novel. Now even this species of cleric seems to have faded into the past. Sometimes we are told that the hero has ceased going to church and has taken to slumming; but we get none of the dramas of the human soul, which are, after all, the only things worth the attention of a great writer.

There is perhaps not one thinking person brought up in the old orthodox Christianity who has not felt the same influences that are at work in *Robert Elsmere*—some to pass all the way to atheism, some to swing back into a deeper orthodoxy, more to stay in some House Between. Yet the Englishwoman's book, written more than twenty years ago, is still the classic of the movement. It is still the articulate cry of the modern doubters who have lain wide-eyed at night, feeling themselves slipping into a dark void, reaching empty hands after the faiths that eluded them.

No one can fail to realize that, in this instance, Mrs. Ward wrote what was "laid upon" her to write. Had the book been framed to sell, it might have been better technically without being so convincing. What a tract it was! Chapter after chapter of religious discussion hung on a thread of story that threatened to break under the weight. Yet schoolgirls read it, skipping the hard parts. College boys debated it, and preachers preached against it. Commonplace people, engrossed in making a living, felt it wake a response from what had been going on in some substratum of their minds. Those who cared nothing about its theories were held in its human grip. One woman of the old faith told me that she had taken the book to bed with her and finished it, weeping, at three in the morning.

It is almost time, now that the parting of ways has come, to

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give us a novel of those who have definitely abandoned the tenets upon which the spiritual life of their fathers and mothers rested. Have the newer ideals held? We are waiting for a great artist and seer to interpret the spiritual chaos we live in.

Again and again in discussions on the woman question it is said that "the movement for the emancipation of one-half the human race is the greatest revolution the world has ever seen." It is a battle worthy of the greatest tragedian that ever lived, but hitherto it has only been a subject for light comedy. Some woman quits ranting from the platform and reverts to frills, babies and salads—that is all. The tremendous conflict in the hearts of women themselves, since they ceased to be only sex creatures and began to crave the wider sphere without losing their elemental passions—or the terrible antagonism that has grown up between the sexes—these are yet unexplored ground.

The novel which avoids the superficial and simply tells the story of a human soul, is rare among us. It is not so uncommon in Europe. Johan Bojer, a Norwegian writer known to American readers only through *The Power of a Lie,* has written a novel called *Our Kingdom*, which is a very subtle work. The hero, Erik Evje, has forsaken the girl who became the mother of his child and has failed his best friend in need. These two are both weak beings who are driven from despair to crime, and from crime under the vengeance of the law. To escape from the sense of his responsibility for the wreck of their lives, Erik throws himself first into the study of theology, then into the radical movements for the benefit of the proletariat, then, when his past still follows him, into the work of building up his father's estate, which he had inherited. In following the traditions of the family, he is obliged to do many things that jar upon his conscience. He feels the need of a "crucifix," something upon which to pin his faith in himself as rather a good fellow at bottom. To provide this consolation for himself, he gives away of his unused land small farms to some of his tenants and servants. When the new landholders are beginning to prosper, and Erik, involved in shady transactions, needs the balm to his conscience more than ever, a meddlesome civil engineer finds out that the newly cultivated land is resting

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on quagmire and may at any time be washed into the river. Then comes the conflict in Erik's mind between his sense that he ought to warn the settlers of their danger and his reluctance to have his "crucifix" snatched from him. Bojer has emphasized the spiritual nature of the conflict by avoiding even the shadow of any material advantage to Evje. He has not even popularity to gain from his philanthropic experiment, for the neighbors of his own class all condemn his "socialistic" tendencies.

An American writer would have made Erik Evje sell the land, then discover the quagmire after the purchase money was already in his hands and needed for the support of his aged mother or pledged to the parish hospital. The moral conflict would have been there, but it would have been raw and materialistic. While striving to deal with realities, the author would have ignored the only real things, which are the things of the spirit.

Europeans call American literature "missish." They attribute its superficiality to the fact that the most numerous readers of fiction in this country are women, and the standards are largely set by women. The facts will scarcely bear out this theory. In looking for the American novel that depends for its interest on the play of psychological development rather than on material events, the name of Edith Wharton is the one that first occurs. Many of her stories are soul dramas, and as such stand almost alone in American literature. Since Hawthorne no one has treated the subject of sexual morality so seriously as Margaret Deland. Women are, in fact, less afraid of discussion on vital subjects than are men. They are more prone to seek in books a key to their own experiences and therefore crave a serious literature more than men do.

Nor has the Puritanic spirit so much to answer for in the shortcomings of American literature as many suppose. Its asceticism may have robbed life of much color and beauty, and its crude, arbitrary standards may have stunted imagination and blighted many of the finer emotions, but its terrible earnestness has produced so great a work as *The Scarlet Letter*. To take an example from European literature, Ibsen's *Brand* is a veritable hymn to asceticism, nevertheless it is very great art.

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Puritanism is not so fatal to art as is the American flippancy, which we flatter ourselves by calling the national sense of humor. It is a corrosive, beneath which neither poetry nor oratory, neither enthusiasm nor earnestness can live. We deny the spiritual forces even while we are moved by them, and acknowledge only the seen and the tangible. But the time is coming when the greater writers of the country will give us literature, and not levity; when life will no longer be caricatured, or truth distorted.

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WHAT ONE WOMAN HAS HAD TO BEAR

[*In the letter that accompanied this personal narrative, the author wrote: "I am sending you a manuscript which I hope you can use. It was written for a magazine article, but is considered unsuitable for the purpose because of the subject with which it deals. There was a time when I might have considered this the proper attitude for popular magazines; I have changed my position since this knowledge has come to me."*

So experience and pain bring simplicity and insight. But surely it is not necessary that each woman and each man should learn their lesson individually—too late to help themselves, though not too late to help others. The false and fatal prudery that sees shame in clear vision and virtue in wilful blindness, is already yielding to the truer spirit of comprehension without contamination. Yet there are still vast numbers who hold, in all sincerity and thoughtlessness, the former views of the author of this article: that such subjects are not suitable for general discussion. If they understood the terrible nature and universal prevalence of this scourge, they would realize that no subject demands more urgently and peremptorily the fullest measure of publicity that can be given to it in the press, the pulpit, the school, the college, and the home. For every home in the country lies beneath its shadow; and innocence can bring no immunity while ignorance remains the ideal of the pseudo-purists who are responsible for so much avoidable misery.—EDITOR.]

IN a girls' school in a little town on the sunset side of the Rockies, I have spent many years in a position of great responsibility. I am no longer young: my face is lined with the cares of an overburdened life; my hair is white; my appreciation of youthful pleasures is that only of the looker-on. I feel that this applies to so many in this vast territory that I shall not be recognized, or I should not dare to write so plainly.

For many summers it has been my custom to conduct parties of girls and teachers through the various scenic sections of the United States and Canada. After the retirement of the win-

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ter, these excursions, with their strain and heavy responsibility, usually drove me back to my home much exhausted. Here I spent a few weeks in rest before resuming my work in the school at a distant town.

This past summer my party disbanded about the first of August, and I went home as usual. For the first time I failed to take cheer with me. I was parched with fever daily; I ached in every limb; I was annoyed by blisters on my lips and swollen glands in my throat. The usual remedies for biliousness had no effect, and I was forced to go to a physician-friend for relief. From the day I consulted him until now I have felt myself to be accursed.

He examined me carefully, asked a number of questions, and then told me the awful truth: I had contracted syphilis.

At first it was unbelievable. I knew of the disease only through newspaper advertisements. I had understood that it was the result of sin and that it originated and was contracted only in the underworld of the city. I felt sure that my friend was mistaken in his diagnosis. When he sadly exclaimed, "Another tragedy of the public drinking cup!" I eagerly met his remark with the assurance that I did not use public drinking cups, that I had used my own cup for years. He led me to review my summer. After recalling a number of times when the extremity of my thirst had found me unprepared and had forced me to go to public fountains, I came at last to realize that what he had told me was true.

I shall never forget his goodness to me. He gently stroked my hand and told me that I was not the only innocent person who had suffered in this way, that no suspicion could be attached to one whose life had been lived so worthily, that the awful trial that had come to me was God's own test, and that out of it would doubtless come the sweetest blessings of my life. As he talked I gradually rallied from the shock, the madness that he read in my eyes left me, and I began to feel that with him to help me I could fight my way back to health. Had I been able then to see the path my feet had to tread for the next six months, I really think I should have lost my reason. God was good indeed when He hid from me a future so unendurable.

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When my friend told me that I should have to put myself under the direction of a physician in my school town, I refused. I could not tell my story to another, I told him. I would follow his instructions and would let him treat me from afar. Much against his will he consented and supplied me with medicines enough to last some time.

In less than two weeks I was salivated until my sufferings were intense. In response to my telegram for instructions, my physician wired me to consult a local physician. I was forced to tell my story, so I went to a stranger. God guided me aright, for that physician is every inch a man. From that time he has helped me to bear it. It has not been easy for him and has been worse for me. I find I cannot tell the story of these months so as to give an adequate idea of their awfulness. My physical sufferings were severe, but my mental pain greater by far. As a child I was impressed by one line from Hood's *Haunted House*—"O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear." I often thought of this, for I walked in shadow—the shadow of terrible dread.

On my lip was a sore, to me a badge of shame, which I bore for many months. I did not forget it at any time. I walked down the streets with a terror too wild for words. Surely everyone knew! They could see it, I felt sure, and when they saw it they knew it as the symbol of a life of degradation. They condemned me unheard. They did not think of public drinking cups. Every day I expected to be accused of unspeakable things and turned adrift. This haunting fear never left my waking hours.

At night I wandered in troubled dreams from one person to another, turning down each underlip to find one, two, and even three or four sores of this peculiar kind. At times my dreams would be of discovery and disgrace, of my pleading for recognition of my innocence or of my wordless acceptance of my unmerited fate.

Even though I was not discovered, I had perhaps a more direful possibility to face. Daily, hourly, momentarily, I was haunted by the dread of passing on the disease to another. At first I would not even shake hands with anyone; I did not use

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a single article that anyone else might use; I had my meals served in my room in order that I might wash the dishes myself; I could not drink with others; the baby across the hall could not be kissed, though he toddled unsteadily up to me many times a day, lifting rosy lips for the caresses never before denied; I avoided the use of the telephone; I washed my hands frequently lest I had by accident put them to my lips and infected them. Every act of my life was carefully weighed under the influence of that feverish fear.

I had the sensation always that I could not foresee what new ordeal the day had in store for me, but that each day one would come. Before I recovered from the shock of one trial, another was upon me. I was strained, tense—afraid, afraid. Night and day, day and night I bore my burden of fear.

At one time I had reached a state of comparative happiness. The treatment had at last proved to be effective. The disease was slowly giving way. I was successful in keeping the girls out of my room and keeping myself to myself except in a business way. I felt that even for one so cursed as I there was a future. At this juncture came the most severe trial of the months.

In the room across the hall a professor, his wife, and baby boy lived. She was a sweet, pure young woman, my especial friend. One night she passed me in the corridor with the remark that she had a blister on her lip "as big as a mountain." I was paralyzed with the certainty of the calamity. It was scarcely night, but I went to bed and lay there staring into the dark in wordless horror. It had come at last, and had come to the one dearest to me. I shook with cold in a nervous chill which lasted for hours and sleep was far from me. The next day I sought my physician and asked him for guidance and help. I could not see my way. If I told, I knew that it would end my work, my very life. If I did not, she might pass on the disease before it was discovered. Her caresses would infect both husband and child.

After much discussion we hit on the expedient of taking her physician into our confidence and getting his help. Again the story was told. Again a man showed his God-like spirit.

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In two days he had contrived to be called into the house, had found that my fears were groundless, had helped me in many ways to safeguard those around me and had gone into the background of my life with many assurances of his readiness to serve me further.

After some months the treatment greatly injured my gums, and I was forced to consult a dentist. To protect him I had to put the situation before him, and to-day I am waiting his verdict as to the best line of treatment.

What I have written is but a meagre outline of what I have undergone. All could not be told. They assure me that the worst is over as to pain and danger of transmission, but that months and even years of daily treatment lie before me. I am now less unhappy, less afraid, but I am still moved by a restless, feverish desire to save others from my fate.

The question that I often ask my physician is, "If this is so common as you say, if it is so highly contagious, why is not something done to protect the uninfected?" I have watched soda fountains being operated by boys who gave the glasses a hasty dip into a tub of cold water. I have noted at boarding-houses that tumblers are merely wiped out if they have been used for water only, and then this filthy goblet is put back on the table for use at the next meal. I have seen many people use a common drinking cup. I have observed that dentists are careless in regard to their tools. There must be menace in all this.

I believe that the work of suppressing this evil should come from the infected person. If each State would pass and enforce stringent laws causing persons so diseased to be isolated, just as lepers are, there would be more hope of repressing the evil. If physicians were required to swear that no patient so infected would be allowed to mingle with uninfected persons, the danger would be reduced. After months of a life that has been hell itself, I send this out to the public asking that something be done to save others from my experience.

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A NEW PROPHETESS OF FEMINISM

Dora Marsden

FRANCES MAULE BJÖRKMAN

A FEW weeks ago the English newspapers were greatly excited over the report that the suffrage book-shops of London were offering for sale "literature of an abnormal, immoral and dangerous character." The publication mentioned most prominently in this connection, and, obviously, the objective of the whole attack, was a weekly review, less than a year old, called *The Freewoman.* It was charged that this paper stood for "free love," anarchy, and all the other dark and dangerous doctrines to which the mind of the frightened bourgeois public reverts when it sees existing standards challenged. All of which seems to point to *The Freewoman* as a social symptom of unusual interest.

It cannot be dismissed as a mere "crank" publication, for it has already won respectful recognition from such persons as John Galsworthy, H. G. Wells, Charles Granville, Francis Grierson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Gallichan, and Mr. and Mrs. Havelock Ellis—all but the last two of whom have contributed to its pages. Furthermore, it is backed and issued by a publishing house which is distinguished for the high literary quality and the serious purpose of its publications. That it is radical, with a radicalism beyond that of any of the advanced publications of purely masculine manufacture, cannot be denied. It is the last thing we should wish to deny, for it is this very quality of radicalism that makes it so significant and compelling a sign of new developments taking place within the woman movement.

Viewed merely from the standpoint of general journalism, *The Freewoman* is so novel as to arrest attention; and when it is considered in the light of a woman's propagandist organ, it is seen to have a meaning which may quite legitimately be regarded as sinister by the upholders of the existing order.

The charge that it is put forth under the ægis of the suffrage movement, while quite natural, is altogether unjust to the suffra-

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gists—that is to say, to the suffragists *as such*. True, its editor, Miss Dora Marsden, first came into prominence as a suffragist. True also that Miss Mary Gawthorpe, whose name, for the first few weeks, stood as co-editor with that of Miss Marsden, is only less celebrated as a suffragist in England than Mrs. or Miss Pankhurst. It is also true, however, that the suffragists, and especially the militants, far from welcoming the new journal to their shops, are fighting it with all their might.

The obvious conclusion would be that this was because of the attack on the militant society that was printed in the first number. This did undoubtedly draw forth some violent reprisals. But for the deep and abiding hostility to the new journal on the part of organized suffragism in England, we must look deeper.

The truth of the matter is that *The Freewoman* is "spiking the suffragists' game."

The suffragists, both in England and America, have been trying all these years to convince the public that they were asking to be free only in order that they might serve the more effectively. This is the keynote of the most modern of the suffrage literature and the theme of every suffrage "soap-boxer."

> "Not for herself, tho' sweet the air of freedom;
> Not for herself, tho' dear the new-won power;
> But for the child, who needs a nobler mother,
> For the whole people, needing one another—
> Comes woman to her hour."

Nor is this attitude confined to the suffragists. The women who have won nation-wide recognition for their social services—the Jane Addamses and Florence Kelleys—show that their demand for wider opportunities for women is based on their appreciation of women's untapped capacity for "usefulness." Even the prophetesses and philosophers of feminine revolt—more radical because less concerned with the immediate accomplishment of definite ends—have preached "service"—widened and exalted almost beyond recognition, but still service—as the ideal aim of a free womanhood—whether it be the "world service of the social mother" with the self-conscious purpose "to feed and

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clothe and teach the human race," envisioned by Charlotte Perkins Gilman; whether the exalted and spiritualized personal service of home and man and child insisted upon with such passionate fervor by Ellen Key; or whether the toil with hand and brain in every field of human endeavor which the poetic vision of Olive Schreiner saw as the necessary condition to the preservation of race virility.

So far the Feminists—doers and thinkers both—have played more or less directly into the hands of the suffragists in their endeavor to allay instinctive masculine fears that if women were to acquire first-hand power, they would use it for the furtherance of their own personal ends instead of applying it—as they have always done, and on the whole so satisfactorily, with their delegated power—to the enhancement of the lives of others.

Then came *The Freewoman* with the incredible heresy that all this was deception—albeit largely unconscious—and that the woman movement was nothing if not an effort on the part of women to lift themselves forever out of the "servant" class and to place themselves definitely and finally among the "masters" —using their faculties, like all masters, for the upbuilding and development of their own personalities and the advancement of their own personal aims.

It admitted freely that this would entail enormous and fundamental changes in the social structure and in the relations of the sexes—that it would involve, first of all, the achievement of absolute economic independence of men by women; the repudiation, by women, of the marriage contract, at least in its present form; developments in domestic labor and administration so vast as to have all the outer aspects of "breaking up the home"; readjustments in the world of politics and industry great enough to accommodate double the present number of productive thinkers and workers, demanding, not only admission, but pay.

Whatever the private views of individual suffragists—and, of course, they vary widely—the raising of these issues at the present juncture when, literally, women's lives are being sacrificed to put through a specific measure, was regarded as nothing less than an act of treachery. The Manchester branch of the Women's Social and Political Union, which Miss Gawthorpe had

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organized and of which she had been acknowledged leader during the first stormy years of the militant movement, sent resolutions formally condemning the paper. Mrs. Hertha Ayrton, the scientist, as a subscriber to the establishment fund, and her sister, Mrs. Florence Ayrton Zangwill, wife of Israel Zangwill, who had contributed one of her stories to the first number, wrote to demand a formal announcement of the withdrawal of their support. In general, the position of Miss Gawthorpe—who was still ill from injuries sustained in a militant demonstration—was made so painful that, after the first few weeks, she withdrew her name as co-editor although still giving the paper her hearty moral support.

Miss Marsden adopted the opposite policy of staying in the fight and trying to convince the suffragists that no immediate gain was worth having unless founded upon truth and understanding. To this end the paper was thrown open for the discussion of every problem—social and individual; mental, moral, spiritual and physical—affecting women's present position and their aims and prospects for the future.

These discussions are notable for the number and variety of the points of view represented; for the range of the subjects covered; and for the height of the intellectual passion displayed in them; but, of course, what has attracted attention to them has been the candid way in which they have dealt with various problems of sex. Several times, I understand, this has very nearly brought the paper under the ban of the censor. In explanation of *The Freewoman's* "open" policy on this subject, and in answer to a criticism from a friendly correspondent, Miss Marsden writes:

"This is an odd enough criticism of a journal that calls itself a Feminist review. That it can be made arises from the difficulty of grasping the definition of Feminism, even when specifically defined. Feminism is concerned with the readjustment of the balance of sex relationships, which has been rendered necessary by the age-long acceptance of Masculinism, the present accepted, but not unchallenged theory—a theory which acknowledges the domination of men in sex relationships and in all the various activities and spheres of labor which are accommodated

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to such. It will thus be seen that we regard Feminism, not as a final doctrine, but as a temporary theory of expedients and readjustments. Masculinism and Feminism are relative terms, and when one is strong enough to equate the other, both will become merged in a common doctrine of Humanism. We assure our correspondent that, both by interest and temperament, we are far more likely to trespass upon the sphere of Humanism than to keep too unduly to the restricted sphere of Feminism."

Despite all opposition the paper has now, in less than a year's time, won for itself a secure position among a small but rapidly growing group of thinking people in England, and is beginning to find support and recognition in America. Out of the interest which it has aroused in the problems of Feminism, a "Freewoman Discussion Circle" has grown, which holds weekly meetings to take up in greater detail the large issues which the paper has merely launched for discussion. It has been able to secure—without pay—contributions from some of the most eminent of living English authors, and it has discovered some young writers of marked gifts.

It is the editorial articles of Miss Marsden herself, however, that not only give the paper its unique quality—its originality, its honesty, its fearlessness—but which chiefly warrant its claim for consideration as a social symptom.

Whatever justification there may be for the charge of the suffragists that *The Freewoman* has jeopardized the immediate granting of votes to women, there is no question that Miss Marsden's editorial articles are serving to lift the woman movement to a higher level of seriousness and importance in the minds of a rapidly growing circle of both men and women readers. She, more than any of the other feministic writers—possibly partly because she is a journalist dealing from week to week with living issues—is making the public realize that the matter is pressing and cannot be made to wait; that it is vital in that it involves half—or more than half—of the whole race; and that it requires for the solution of its problems a degree of enlightenment—especially in the field of modern psychology—which has never yet been applied to it.

This extraordinary young woman has shot into the literary

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and philosophic firmament as a star of the first magnitude. Although practically unknown except as a settlement worker and a suffragist before the advent of *The Freewoman* last November, she speaks always with the quietly authoritative air of the writer who has arrived. Her style has beauty—at times, great beauty—as well as force and clarity. Merely as an essayist she compels admiration and makes us wonder why we have never heard of her before.

I can give only the most meagre details regarding her personal history. Like so many of the leaders of the English movement, she is a Lancashire woman. To me there is a peculiar significance in the fact that it is the one spot in all England where women's work is economically equivalent with that of men which has produced most of the leaders of feminine revolt. I know that it is in the frontier States in our own country, where women's toil has also been valued equally with the labor of men, that women have been accorded political equality. It would thus seem that the participation of women in the productive work of the world is the factor which creates the atmosphere in which the demand for freedom grows.

Miss Marsden was graduated from Manchester University with the degree of B.A. and took up teaching as her profession, working incidentally in the University Settlement. She seems to have passed through the successive stages of Socialist and Socialist-irritated-with-Socialism common to university settlementers of idealistic temperaments on both sides of the water, and to have arrived finally at a tentative acceptance of Syndicalism.

Immediately after Christabel Pankhurst's first militant protest, Miss Marsden threw herself heart and soul into the militant suffrage movement—even leaving her post as teacher to become an organizer for the Women's Social and Political Union. When challenged to explain this fact in view of her present hostile attitude toward the W. S. P. U., Miss Marsden stated editorially in *The Freewoman* that at that time she believed that she was allying herself with a general woman emancipation movement, which, she found later, was not the case. In the meantime, however, she ran the full gamut of suffragette experiences. She served two months in Holloway Gaol for her

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all too gallant defence of " the colors " in the clash between the police and the Lancashire women's deputation to the House of Commons in 1909. She went through the hunger strike and was strait-jacketed in Strangeways Gaol in Manchester, where she had been committed for throwing a rock through the glass roof of a hall in which a Cabinet Minister's meeting was in progress, and she was arrested and discharged too many times to count. The newspapers of Lancashire called her " Dauntless Dora."

On the occasion of Winston Churchill's visit to Southport during the campaign of 1909, Miss Marsden succeeded in outwitting the police in the face of the most extraordinary precautions against suffragette interruptions. A large sum had been spent on extra police protection. A solid cordon was drawn up around the hall, and additional guards were stationed at every entrance. The paving stones had been taken up from the streets and set on end for barricades. Yet when Mr. Churchill began to explain that the people ought to support the Government because the Government represented the people, from high up somewhere near the ceiling floated down a thin feminine voice:

" It does not represent the women, Mr. Churchill."

Far out through a ventilator above the stage leaned the figure of Dora Marsden, small and slight, and with her thin, intense little face wan and pale from nearly twenty-four hours of fast and vigil. But her voice rose crisp and clear above the uproar, and she coolly proceeded to deliver her message until the stewards, who had at first been utterly demoralized by the interruption, found their way into her loft and dragged her forcibly from the opening. Delighted crowds in the streets saw her thrust through the broken glass of a window and set rolling down the sloping roof—from which she must certainly have fallen had she not found a slight hold in the projecting coping —and then pulled down and hustled off to jail.

During the years from 1908 to 1910, the newspaper of the militant society, *Votes for Women,* was eloquent in praise of her courage, her resourcefulness, her devotion. During 1910 she was mentioned less and less frequently, and at the beginning of 1911 she disappeared from its columns altogether.

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It appears that in 1910, she registered a vigorous protest against the exclusive Votes for Women policy and urged the inauguration of an aggressive and determined campaign in behalf of the general principles of Feminism—without results, of course. In 1911 she made a similar appeal, and receiving no encouragement, she withdrew from the organization, determined, if necessary, to begin alone the work which she felt was pressing to be done. She was offered the associate editorship of *The Vote,* organ of the rival militant organization, The Women's Freedom League, but after a brief trial, definitely reached the conclusion that the particular end which she had in view could not be accomplished within the movement at all. Accordingly she resigned her office and took up the task of trying to secure from suffragists financial backing for an independent feminist journal. The help was not forthcoming, and, since she had cut herself off from all money-earning activities in order to put through this undertaking, she experienced the most extreme poverty. The project of an independent Feminist journal financed by suffragists was amply demonstrated to be quite out of the question, but just at this point Miss Marsden learned of the willingness of her present publishers to try an experiment in feministic journalism, and *The Freewoman* became a fact.

Miss Marsden's special demand has less to do with the external and material conditions of woman's emancipation than with a fundamental change in woman's point of view toward herself. Miss Marsden's concern is that women shall acquire the habit of appraising their individual worth as "separate spiritual entities," apart from any of their relational aspects. They must learn to judge themselves as individuals and not as mothers, wives, sisters or daughters—not even as "world mothers" or "creators and conservators of life." It is only through acquiring this sense of value, and the courage to sacrifice to the development of their individual gifts everything that threatens such development, that women will make manifest their highest potentialities.

As long as women accept "support" from men, they must be prepared, in return, to sacrifice their own ends and purposes and to forgo the cultivation of their own personalities to advance

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the interests and to minister to the needs of their "providers." It is only just and fair that they should do this. Therefore, if they are not always to be under obligations and exactions imposed from without, they will of necessity have to earn their own "support" by productive paid labor. They will have to reject the proposal of State endowment for motherhood for the reason that this scheme would merely transfer their obligation toward some individual man to a collective body of men. It follows, then, that they will have to be prepared to support, not only themselves, but any children that they may bring into the world.

"They—the Freewomen—do not wish, by law or by any other means, to fasten their responsibilities on others. They themselves are prepared to shoulder their own. They bear no grudge and claim no exemptions because of the greater burdens which nature has made theirs. They accept them willingly because of their added opportunity and power. . . .

"She must produce within herself strength sufficient to provide for herself and for those of whom nature has made her the natural guardian, her children. To this end she must open up resources of wealth for herself. She must work, earn money. She must seize upon the incentives which have spurred men on to strenuous effort—wealth, power, titles and public honor. . . .

"It is neither desirable nor necessary for women, when they are mothers, to leave their chosen, money-earning work for any length of time. The fact that they so often do so rests largely upon a tradition that will have to be worn down. In wearing it down vast changes must take place in social conditions, in housing, nursing, kindergarten, education, cooking, cleaning, in the industrial world and in the professions. These changes will have for their motive the accommodation of such conditions as will enable women to choose and follow a life-work, apart from, and in addition to, their natural function of reproduction."

Miss Marsden makes it quite clear that she fully understands how hard is her doctrine and how limited must be its appeal. For generations, perhaps, only the "exceptional" women—the geniuses and the artists, women who are driven by an inner necessity to recognize and to cultivate their gifts—will

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follow it. But that the strenuous effort that it implies will be good for women, *and for their children,* she has no manner of doubt.

"We believe that it is to the Freewomen that we have to look for the conscious setting toward a higher race, for which their achievements will help to make ready, and their strivings and aspirations help to mould. For this, they do not require protection; they need liberty. They do not require ease; they need strenuous effort. . . .

"They will have to strive, and that they should so strive will be well for them and for their children."

So, in the end, it appears that it is by casting aside the old passive rôle of self-sacrifice and following the path of self-realization that women are to become "useful" in the highest sense of all, to serve in the most exalted possible capacity.

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LADY GREGORY AND THE LORE OF IRELAND

KATHERINE BRÉGY

AFTER all, if there is nothing for a book like being read, there is nothing for a play like being acted: and it was the Irish Players (whatever else their errors or their excellences!) who made Lady Gregory a household word here in the States—as she had long been a name to conjure with in Ireland. Never a service more meet, since she came as their own stage-manager; and for more than a decade she had labored tirelessly in behalf of a national Irish theatre. Has she not herself, indeed, provided every sort of dramatic vehicle, from farce to miracle play? There is *The Image,* a three act comedy of village dreamers, so profoundly psychological that it might almost stand as a symbol of Ireland; and in that curious fantasy, *The Unicorn from the Stars,* one gets the impression that it is Lady Gregory's realism alone which holds back Mr. Yeats' mysticism from a glory of spontaneous combustion! But the *Seven Short Plays* have proved perhaps her most indubitable dramatic triumph. *Spreading the News*, a farce about folk who had no business "but to be minding one another's business," is one of the most popular of these. Its motif first presented itself as a tragedy; "but," says Lady Gregory naïvely, "comedy and not tragedy was wanted at our theatre"—so *voilà!* she let laughter have its way. It is curious, however,—and it is manifest even in that immensely funny *Workhouse Ward*—how the Irish farce tends always to become more than a farce; nine times out of ten, a very poignant satire as well. Now Lady Gregory's irony is quite without that sinister quality which corrodes so much of Synge's brilliant work: but it dominates her humor, and is never far from her pathos. So there is bitter-sweet realism in these little *genre* pictures of peasant life—bitter sweetness, too, in *The Gaol Gate,* where she has given us fifteen minutes of tragedy as universal as it is intensely national.

It cannot soon be forgotten, this vivid pioneer service to the Irish theatre: but it is a question whether Lady Gregory has not rendered greater, if less blazoned, services—not merely to Irish

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literature, but to the literature of the whole world. For it is she who has so collected and combined and translated the old heroic lore of Gaeldom as to make it a vital part of the universal heritage. This ancient literature was not unknown to Aubrey de Vere, who indeed built many of his poems about it; the manuscripts (nearly all antedating the twelfth century) have been a fruitful field for Irish and French and German archæologists; but it remained for Lady Gregory to reclothe them with a pulsing and passionate humanity. And, characteristically, she has chosen as the medium for these translations the speech of the Irish people to-day. She does not write English as English scholars are wont to write it—she achieves a more difficult thing, and makes the popular idiom classic: so that the tales are still primitive; they are still both rich and crude; they are still, in every salient feature, Gaelic.

In *Gods and Fighting Men* we have the stories, more or less detached, more or less episodic, of the Tuatha de Danaan and the Fianna. For the enlightenment of those unfamiliar with Celtic lore, it may be timely to explain that these Tuatha were the people of the Gods of Dana (or Dea), who came riding through the mist to Ireland very, very long ago, to dispute the land with the Firbolgs—those hereditary fighters of the island, dark men fond of heavy weapons, to whom one likes to trace the militant qualities of Erin to-day. But the Tuatha were the dreamers and mystics, who brought with them the Stone of Destiny, and much lore about the seven streams of wisdom, the branch which bore blossom and fruit at the same time, and what Fiona MacLeod once called the "nostalgia for sweet, impossible things." It could never have been the Ireland one knows to-day had it not been divided with these other-world Danaan people! As for the Fianna, they formed a sort of prehistoric Round Table brotherhood. Oisin or Oiseen, the warrior-poet who had sojourned in faëry realms, was almost the last of these, and lived late enough to see Patrick and his gospel of peace gaining mastery of the land. Indeed, the saint was keen upon converting this unregenerate old warrior, and seems to have brought him into at least a nominal subjection. Some of their traditional dialogues have come down into Irish literature to-day—curious

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and unending arguments, akin to the debates or "strife poems" of mediæval England, in which no one ever seems to have the last word!

But among the heroes who make up this epic dream-world, none was mightier than the young Cuchulain who dwelt for a little space among the Red Branch knights of Ulster; and the whole cycle of stories growing up about his name Lady Gregory has incorporated in *Cuchulain of Muirthemne.** It was in every sense an epoch-making volume: "the best book that has come out of Ireland in my time," William Butler Yeats declared —and then he added in supreme but sober homage, "perhaps I should say the best book that has ever come out of Ireland; for the stories which it tells are a chief part of Ireland's gift to the imagination of the world, and it tells them perfectly for the first time."

In these bold, magical pages one learns of the birth and youth of Cuchulain; of his assuming the king's own chariot and armor, since no others were great enough to withstand his vehemence; of his cryptic wooing of the maiden Emer—she who possessed the six gifts most cherished by his people: the gift of beauty, the gift of voice, the gift of sweet speech, the gift of needlework, the gift of wisdom, the gift of chastity.

"I see in the chariot a dark, sad man, comeliest of the men of Ireland," cries the princess Findabair as Cuchulain draws near: "A pleated crimson tunic about him, fastened at the breast with a brooch of inlaid gold . . . His eyebrows as black as the blackness of a spit, seven lights in his eyes, seven colors about his head, love and fire in his look." It is thus the hero passes upon his way—serving King Conchubar in battle, winning by his great leap the championship of Ulster, shaking spear and sword like a young war god in the strife over the Brown Bull of Cuailgne, and at the last fighting all alone against the four provinces of Ireland.

There is nothing shadowy about the men and the women and the demigods among whom Cuchulain walks—they have a splendidly elemental vitality. On one side sits Conchubar the king, regal and generous yet "falsely true"; and Cathbad the

* Pronounced *Cuhoolin of Murhevna.*

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wise Druid, with his snow-white hair and cloak of purple: on the other, the intrepid queen, Maeve, a primitive Lady Macbeth; Rochad of the red-gold hair and laughing eyes, who is himself half an army; and the orator Sencha, who can put all the men of the earth at peace with his three fair words. It is a younger world than that of the *Morte d'Arthur,* at once less spiritual and less sophisticated: yet an older world than the immense purple dawntime of *Beowulf.* Perhaps its closest kinship is with the hero-world of Siegfried and Brünhilde. But already the Celtic spirit glances more quickly than the Teutonic. No Odin walks the earth, but a sense of magic and of mystery is everywhere. Those two fair birds who fly, gold-chained, across the sky are probably princesses in disguise; the army marching toward Emain Macha may be real, or it may be an apparition raised by enchantment; and it is a question in everybody's mind whether the man who is not a poet shall be allowed to act as judge!

One page of this old bardic cycle stands apart from the stormier chapters in the curious subtlety, the refinement, almost the modernity of its emotion. It is the episode of Fand, that radiant princess of the Sidhe, who heals Cuchulain and wins his love. Now the meaning of Fand is *a tear that passes over the fire of the eye.* "It was for her purity she was called that, and for her beauty," declares Lady Gregory's old chronicler, with that inalienably artistic quality which seems the birthright of the Celt, "for there was nothing in life with which she could be compared besides it." Even proud Emer's anger dies when she looks upon the woman, and she is fain to yield up to her the hero husband: but it is Fand herself who renounces, turning back in sorrow to her own lord, Manaan, son of the sea. And the sage Druids, finding Cuchulain as one distraught, reverse the story of Iseult (who, be it remembered, was a later princess of Ireland) and bring to him a magic cup of forgetfulness. And "from the moment he drank that drink, he did not remember Fand and all the things that he had done. And they gave a drink of forgetfulness to Emer as well, that she might forget her jealousy."

There is epic grandeur about the last scene of all, when Cuchulain goes out to battle against the powers of darkness as

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well as the men of Maeve's army, with that tragic and mystic fatalism of his race. "Do not be hindering me any more," he cries to Laeg, the faithful charioteer, "for if I stay or if I go, death will meet me all the same." Not all the might of his three "thunder feats" may avail; nor the fury which scatters his foes across the plain of Muirthemne "like snowflakes and hailstones, like buttercups in a meadow, like grass under the feet of cattle on a fine summer day"; but, at the end, he greets death standing. And then his own wounded war-horse, the world-known Gray of Macha, staggers back to Cuchulain's side, and defends his master's body until the hero-light has ceased forever to shine about that young, glorious head.

So great is the vengeance wrought for him, that when Emer of the Fair Form comes to the burial of her husband, she walks between plains of the dead! And the woman bids Conall "to make a wide, very deep grave for Cuchulain; and she laid herself down beside her gentle comrade, and she put her mouth to his mouth, and she said: 'Love of my life, my friend, my sweetheart, my one choice of the men of the earth, many is the woman, wed and unwed, envied me till this day; and now I will not stay living after you!' And her life went out from her and she herself and Cuchulain were laid in one grave by Conall . . . and he himself and all the men of Ulster keened them."

One other woman looms above this galaxy of heroes, imperial by the might and majesty of her grief. It is Deirdre, fairest of the daughters of Ireland—Deirdre, the betrothed of King Conchubar, who forsakes him with never a backward look or thought, to pour out the wine of her life with the lives of the sons of Usnach. This is one of the most dramatic of all Irish romances; it is one of the great tragic stories of the world; and in the simple, but exquisite, prose of Lady Gregory's version it rings out with the beauty of a challenge. The three tall brothers are walking in the sunlight, Naoise at the lead, when Deirdre catches sight of them. Verily it is "not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but 'tis enough"—for the spark which means conflagration has flown out upon the winds!

"So Naoise turned back and met Deirdre, and Deirdre and Naoise kissed one another three times . . . And with the

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confusion that was on her, a blaze of red fire came upon her, and her color came and went as quickly as the aspen by the stream. And it is what Naoise thought to himself, that he never saw a woman so beautiful in his life; and he gave Deirdre there and then the love that he never gave to living thing, to vision, or to creature, but to herself alone."

High-heartedly they go out toward the fate which must needs be fulfilled; and when, at last, treachery lures the exiles back to Conchubar's realm, the bold spirit dies unbroken. Naoise and his bride are playing together at the polished chess-board, even as the king's men draw near to fire the guest-house where they are imprisoned. One by one the loyal sons of Usnach fall defending the woman. And then, when the three great "Candles of the Gael" are trodden to darkness, Deirdre kneels down beside her dead love—as Emer had knelt—and kisses the still face passionately. "And when her mouth touched his blood, the color of burning sods came into her cheeks, and she rose up like one that had lost her wits, and she went on through the night till she came to where the waves were breaking on the strand." It is Deirdre of the Sorrows forevermore—and from her lips falls that poignant lament for which centuries of poets may well seek a worthy music! All the dirges of the earth echo through her Irish keening: the lamentations of the Hebrews, the elegies of the Greeks, the immemorial cry of woman, the life-giver, against the life-takers of the world. Naoise her husband is fallen, whose voice had the deep sound of the waves—and Ainnle the kind, and Ardan the mighty hunter—!

Even at this moment comes the message of Conchubar, bidding Deirdre fear not, but return and take her place once more at his side. "Do not break the strings of my heart as ye took hold of my young youth," cries the tortured girl, "though my darling is dead, my love is strong to live. What is country to me, or land or lordship? What are swift horses? What are jewels and gold? Och! It is I will be lying to-night on the strand like the beautiful sons of Usnach!" Very swiftly did Deirdre exchange her little red-gold ring for the knife of a boat-maker upon the sands: and when at nightfall King Conchubar, with five hundred men, drew near to bear her away, "all he

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found before him was her white body on the ground, and it without life."

If the chivalrous and gracious spirit of the French breathes through the *Chanson de Roland,* and the brooding philosophy of the German through the *Niebelungenlied,* and the fine, free idealism of the British through the Arthurian epic, surely the immense passion of Ireland roars and surges through this ancient cycle! Now it is for three gifts, chiefly, that our modern world prizes the Celtic heritage: for its mirth and for its magic and for its tears. Traces of these essential characteristics—authentic, although not yet in their completeness or maturity—flash like a prism across these venerable pages. The nation which gave us Cuchulain and Deirdre and the gallant Fianna was the same nation Burne-Jones loved so discerningly. "I do like Paddies somehow very much," he was wont to declare; "because they are unlucky, because Anguish is their king, because they made splendid legends . . . and stuck to them; and I like them because they feel quickly and laugh at the right things." A primitive people, to be sure, has scarcely learned to cherish the sweet wantonness of laughter. It is intent upon life and love and conquest, and its mirth is a fitful, flint-like gleam. But the magic of Ireland—its mystic loveliness, its strange felicity—is a thing of yesterday, to-day and forever; while the tears of Ireland have left their salt tracery evermore upon the pages of the Book of Life.

In her preface to *Cuchulain,* Lady Gregory assures us that she has never voluntarily changed a word of these stories: although she has (with surpassing tact and sublimated patience) sifted the wheat of the old versions from the chaff, building up the tales from many chroniclers, adding the essential sentence when a link was palpably missing. Is it not the most manifest praise which can be given a bardic literature, this daring to let it alone? For if we have not the raw material of great poetry, we have nothing but a literary curiosity, a survival; interesting to a few specialists, but not to the mass of living men. By her very abstinence has Lady Gregory vindicated these almost prehistoric sagas of the Irish. She has been deeply sensitive to the poetry of race-memories, the immemorial tales of the peasantry, the lore

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which scholars have had to discover, but which was never quite forgotten by old firesides and at old crossroads. Her *Kiltartan Tales* contain a thousand strange and significant fancies of the country people; and in the *Book of Saints and Wonders* she has gathered together—albeit less whole-heartedly than the material deserves—the popular Christian legends about Patrick of the Bells and Columcille, the immortal glory of St. Brendan's voyage, and the homely, gracious miracles of Brigit, the "Mary of the Gael."

It is a large achievement for one life: it is a noble part of that Irish Renaissance which is still in the beautiful process of becoming. Any other than a woman of Lady Gregory's temperament might excusably be thinking about resting upon the oars. Instead of that, it seems she is contemplating more dramas, and these upon the old heroic themes. It may very well come to pass. For when, in Philadelphia not so long ago, a little band of zealots took militant exception to one part of the Irish Players' repertoire, and arrest actually seemed imminent, the spirit of Lady Gregory was distilled into one calm answer. She said that both Bunyan and Oscar Wilde had produced very great work in prison—and she hoped she might be able to spend *her* time there as profitably!

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"I HAVE BORNE MY LORD A SON"

FLORENCE KIPER

HIS brain seemed empty, save of that one thought. At times it seemed empty even of that, so numbed he felt and for the moment insensible. But at the next moment, with fiendish reiteration, the knowledge was at him again, mocking him, tormenting him, flouting him slyly.

They were to have a child! She had told him so that morning. She had told him with her eyes downcast, in low, distinct tones, cool and impersonal,—but the glance she had lifted at him!—it was with the memory of that glance that the knowledge jeered and flouted him during the day. She had looked all that she was too proud to speak. He had never quite reached her—the inmost of her—his bride of half a year,—he knew that; and now he was chilled with the certainty that she was further away than ever. The pride of an inaccessible soul was in that glance, the startled, shy look of the virgin soul; but more than all, reproach—a reproach that he knew would not ease itself in words or tears.

He had answered her nothing, because there was nothing to answer. He had realized in impotent protest, as he put on his overcoat in the narrow hall, that it was not so they should have received the knowledge of their parenthood. Through his stunned insensibility had pierced that thought, sharp as a sword. For a wild fraction of a moment, he was moved to take her in his arms with passion. But the desire had relinquished its preposterous life at the sight of her white face. He had gone hurriedly out and had left her, standing there.

He struggled through the numbness of his brain to the day's tasks. The men whom he met he looked at with curious interest, striving even as he talked to them concerning a composition of creditors or the validity of a will, to pierce through the immobility of their faces to their secret thoughts. What were their relations to the women nearest them? What hidden, subtle desires moved them—to what obligations, what privileges? Was sex for them but simple and taken-for-granted, as the air they

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breathed, the food they ate? A burly Irishman, a prospective witness in a certain suit, was minded to talk to Lawrence of an event that had occurred but the night before,—the birth of his fifth son. "Sure, we've been married only seven years, and the missis was that proud it was another boy. 'Ye can't have too many sons for me!' I told her. 'The more, the merrier!'" "And is your wife doing well?" asked Lawrence, perfunctorily. But behind the perfunctoriness leaped question upon question. Beast! The woman was to her husband but a child-bearer, a machine for the making of men. And yet she was evidently content, and proud of her service. What a distance measured between her and Ellean, both women of the same civilization, the same city! His slim, straight bride—she was undoubtedly a higher type in the process that was evolving the modern from the cave woman; but what would the prolific Irish wife have made of Ellean's revolt against her motherhood? They did not speak the same tongue; they were mutually incomprehensible.

Lawrence's mind began a confused review of the hurried events, persuasions, appeals, that had led to his marriage. On a short trip in Europe he had come across her in a Paris studio, one of that multitudinous brood of American girls who descend like eager birds upon the Paris art-world. And yet Ellean had but superficial resemblance to the downy batch. She was among the few women selected by those who know, for the doing of big things. There was a large energy in her work, a sane vitality, that marked her off from the dilettanti. Her choice was sculpture, an exacting profession for women, demanding physical strength and exhaustless patience. She had put away definitely from her the future of love and marriage, finding it easy so to do because of what she believed was absorption in her task, but in reality because of her total unawareness of sex-emotion in herself. And then had come Lawrence, and had plucked her from her studio in a whirlwind of promises and explanations. He had some money of his own—not much, but sufficient for the life they wished to lead until he had established himself in his law practice. In America, her own country, she could work as well—better—than in the alien life of Paris. She

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reluctantly admitted that she had planned to return shortly, the purpose of working with American themes for the ennobling of American life having burned continually within her like a clear flame during the five years of her Paris study.

But she did not wish to return as wife. She was wholeheartedly intent on finding herself as artist, her best forms of expression, and then on establishing her place in the art-world. A husband! marriage! She had had a vague belief that this experience would some day come to her. But not now. She did not want it now. She wanted her time, her freedom—wanted them with a desire that grew passionate as she felt Lawrence stir her against her will. She who had analyzed with scientific disinterestedness the obsession called love, felt herself guarded against the personal invasion.

But it was the reasonableness of the man—so she believed—that had finally broken down each point of resistance. Granted their compatibility and their joy in comradeship—and these delights she fully admitted with engaging frankness—why, he demanded, should her absurd resolutions formulated before she had known him, now keep them apart? Her work! It should be paramount with him as with her. No obligations of her position as wife should encroach upon her time. They would of course be compelled to expend their small income with the greatest possible economy. But he was glad, he assured her, to reduce to the minimum the details of living that appeared to them both to be but the fripperies and embroiderings of life. Their joy in each other and in their respective tasks—these were to be their luxuries! As equal she was to pursue her work, as he his. Nay, he fully conceded her the greater usefulness, knowing that his name would live only because she had made it her own.

Without shame she had discussed with him the question of children. She wished them both to face all the possibilities of the situation gravely and clear-eyed. Some day, doubtless, she would want a child. But for five years—ten perhaps—she could not give her precious days to motherhood. She was a young woman. Was he willing to wait?

Lawrence then reiterated what she meant to him. Surely

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she understood that he was not seeking a mate as most men seek—a tender of his home, a mother of his children, a hostess for his guests. Love had seized him also unawares, before he had experienced the social need of a well-equipped wife. It was she—the individual—that lured him, the delicacy and the power of her, the mystery and the frankness. In his inmost heart he dared scarcely think of her as possessed by him. There had persisted with Lawrence, since first an understanding of the suffering of women had been revealed to him by a delicate-minded mother, a curious revolt against the processes of life that so seized and enslaved one-half of its creatures. He was stirred to the depths by his imaginative conception of the age-long hidden tears and secret rebellions.

Ellean, when he married her, had been experimenting in clay on the plans for the most ambitious of her undertakings. There had been a prize offered by a Philadelphia millionaire for a large sculptural group in a library that was one of his pet philanthropies. Considerable latitude was allowed in the choice of theme, the only requirement being that the subject treat in some fashion of the ennobling influence of knowledge. Because of the eminence of the judges, and the large rewards offered in money and publicity, the competition was calling forth the best efforts of well-known artists. Ellean had set herself heart and soul to her task, eager to try her powers in contest with sculptors of experience. She had chosen for her group the seated figure of a woman in the youth of her middle age, and a standing boyish form, a child of twelve. They were both clothed in modern garb, yet the clothing had been so arranged and simplified as to make no appeal to the curiosity that delights in detail. The attention was at once riveted to the faces, the boy's eager, wistful, with the wistful eagerness of youth that hungers for knowledge, upturned to the face of the woman, gravely intent on her task of teaching. But the task she had set herself was not alone the imparting of instruction; rather was it the evocation of latencies and desires from within the boy's own soul. The slender forefinger of her right hand rested on a book held in her lap, but her gaze was out and beyond, over the cities of men,—so it seemed,—the activities of men and

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their aspirations. Ellean had called the group Motherhood, explaining to Lawrence that thus she conceived the modern mother of men—not the physical nourisher brooding over the infant, but the teacher, the nurturer of souls.

Motherhood! Lawrence smiled a little grimly in the smoky office. She had demanded that she herself be free of motherhood, so that she might body forth in marble her conception. And he had sworn in good faith it should be so. Well! Life, passion, had seized them. Man is not master of his fate.

He strove, through the long evening they spent together, to formulate some means of approach to her. Again the desire seized him to break through her barriers in simple, human fashion—to caress her, to besiege her with caresses. But a surer instinct held him back. She it was who startled him, at the end of a long silence during which he miserably attempted to occupy himself with a book while she brooded, with a touch on his shoulder and a scarcely articulated, "Don't worry, boy! It—it'll be all right, I guess!" from lips that pitifully strove to smile. She was gone almost before he was aware of her. But the awareness of the white face and the crooked smile persisted with him far into the night, as he longed for sleep at her sleepless side.

She told him—and he received the information with a sudden, startled awareness of the life within her as a thing apart and distinct from her—that she was resolved to render to the child that was to be, all services and cares that were its rights. "It must be well-born, Lawrence. I've got to give it its chance. Poor little thing! it didn't ask for life, did it?"

Their child! His child! An individual! The idea was as yet incomprehensible to him.

"I've been to Dr. Harcourt," she went on. "He's terribly expensive, but he's the best man. He gave me a great many instructions. Oh, I'm strong and well!" This in answer to Lawrence's manifest anxiety. "He told me the mental state is important—asked me if I had any hobbies to occupy me. I informed him that I am a sculptor by profession. He was delighted—said that that's excellent—the very thing to divert me!" The scorn in her voice hurt Lawrence physically.

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But the remark quoted with such bitterness from the well-intentioned physician gave Lawrence an opening he had been seeking. His direct gaze challenged hers, as he said with a tone that attempted to divest itself of unspoken meanings,——

"You're not going to give up the competition, Ellean, are you, because of—this?"

Her monosyllable shut her from him as completely as did her opened, veiled eyes. "Yes!"

"But why, dear girl, why? It means so much to you—the opportunity——"

"I can't work." The voice was colorless.

"Aren't you feeling fit?"

"Oh, well enough, I suppose. But it's as if something had taken hold of me, had fastened itself upon me—— Oh, can't you understand?—I'm not I, myself——"

"Perhaps later——"

"The contest closes in six months."

"And your model is almost finished."

"I can ruin the whole thing now by a few false strokes."

He recalled the intensity with which Ellean worked, every faculty alive and keen; her nervous start at the opening of a door, the sudden flapping of a curtain. He recalled her zealous guarding of the few fresh hours of the morning, her insistence on a short period of concentrated energy. Yes, the physical and mental passivity that nature now desired of her was scarcely compatible with Ellean's method of production.

But the group—the beautiful marble figures in the working out of which Lawrence had taken almost as vivid a delight as she—they were to be abandoned, left lifeless? They were living things already, with the right to continue in life. Lawrence did not believe that she could have the heart to abandon them utterly now.

"Your mother was here this afternoon," she announced to him one evening. "She brought some of your baby clothes. And she brought a picture of you, sprawling about naked on a cushion. You had a splendid body even in those days, didn't you? I wanted to model you immediately, just as you sprawled.

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Wouldn't it be a choice ornament for a drawing-room—the innocent infancy of the black-suited host, sprawled on a cushion!"

He was gleeful. "Oh, Ellean, it's so nice to have you funny again!"

Her face instantly clouded, and he regretted his spontaneity.

"Your mother is overjoyed, of course, at the prospect of an heir. No wonder grandparents are fatuous. All of the pleasure and none of the responsibility."

"Mother will work her fingers to the bone to relieve you."

"Yes, I daresay. But she can't work my fingers for me." She looked down angrily at her strong, flexible hands. Then moved to one of her sudden tendernesses—tendernesses which were to Lawrence as the bread of life!—"What a wretch I am! I'm not worth loving, Lawrence—such an unsexed creature! Why did you marry me?"

His face was alight. "You know why, girl!"

"Oh, Lawrence dear, I can't help it. I'm so unhappy, so unhappy!"

This time his arms were about her. She was shaken with a few quick sobs.

"It's because the competition closes—— Oh, why was I made a woman!"

"For me!"

"You're sorry I'm your wife. I know it."

"If you dare say that again!"

"I don't mean it, Lawrence—truly I don't! I just want to be reassured."

"Will you take a walk with me to-morrow afternoon, if it's a good day?"

"A walk!" She mocked her disabilities. "Do you remember how we used to race in the Fontainebleau woods—and those all-day tramps——"

"Will you—to-morrow?"

"The doctor says that I'm to amble about as much as possible."

"I'll be home at two o'clock. It's Saturday."

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The year was at its turn from winter to spring. The day was unusually mild for a northern March, and the little city park was timidly happy with the feel of stirring sap and pale yellow sunshine. The hint, the promise of new life in the air, the grass, the sky, moved them both to an unexpected gaiety.

"Isn't it lovely!" sighed Ellean, as she sniffed the breeze, yet a trifle keen. "It's so—so cheerful! Everything stirring and moving—all the slush and the mud and everything! Let's pretend we're hearing mountain torrents." She closed her eyes and listened to the pleasant running of the melted snow from sidewalk to street. "Ugh, it's dreadful to have to walk." She pulled Lawrence down beside her on one of the green park benches. "When the air is so good and the streets are so unspeakable, a benevolent city government should provide its citizens with airships."

"You'd fly away from me and never come back."

"Would I?" She wrinkled her brows thoughtfully. "Perhaps! But I have no quarrel with you, poor dear. I'd fly away from—from conditions, things, myself—back to Paris and the studio!"

"And I?"

"Oh, you'd be much better off than now!"

"Ellean!"

"Yes, I promised—— What a queer female nature is! See how riotous she gets preparing new life for her spring season—simply dizzy with joy. And she does it year after year without becoming *blasée!* Funny old girl!"

"If only she'd be as kind to her human creatures as to the grass!"

"We've got beyond her—that's the trouble. We've gone farther than she intended, with our civilization and culture and all. But she grips us by the shoulder occasionally, just to shame our pride, and tells us a thing or two."

They fell silent. The little park was empty, save for a few youngsters racing about while their nurses indulgently gossipped. One little fellow, a tiny chap with red cheeks and round abdomen, came up to the bench and stood gravely surveying them, with the unabashed curiosity of childhood.

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"Hello, Bub," remarked Lawrence, pleasantly.

But the tiny chap deigned no reply. When he had had his fill of staring, he turned abruptly about and raced off, shouting.

Ellean smiled. "He has nice eyes, hasn't he?"

"I hope ours will be a boy!"

She turned upon him passionately. "Pray for that! Pray to God every day of your life until——"

"Ellean, dear!" He rebuked her intensity.

"Or if she's a girl-child, pray for a commonplace daughter, Lawrence—with a face like a full moon and a nice little dumpy body!"

"Our daughter like that!" He tried to laugh away her sudden mood.

"The other sort is tricked, betrayed—the sort like me."

"Oh, Ellean, if only you wouldn't fight so!"

"And would you submit—you—if you were I?"

"But the child, dear—aren't we hurting it by our discontent?"

"You see, that's the irony of the situation. Nature doesn't only take hold of me and say 'You must be a mother!' but she gives me conscience and prevision to say to me, 'You must be a happy mother!'"

"But won't it be sweet to have him? That little chap that stared at us——"

"I ought to feel that way, oughtn't I, Lawrence?"

"And if you love me, dear! You say you do——"

"The Oriental woman attitude! 'I have borne my lord a son!' No greater privilege awaits me on earth or in heaven. What else am I made for but that—to have 'borne my lord a son?'"

The children were becoming more riotous. Now and then a warning nursemaid called scoldingly. The little red-cheeked fellow was tumbling about with the inconsequence of a puppy.

"Let's go home," said Lawrence, abruptly.

They walked in silence, he with a solicitous arm to help her when she drooped a little. In their room she confronted him.

"Don't expect me to become sentimental. I'm not the pretending sort, Lawrence. I'm sorry."

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Lawrence awaited The Day with a dread of her sufferings that was alien from Ellean's own scornful courage. He would feel a quick contraction of his heart as he gazed at her, so helpless, so burdened—his lithe Ellean. He could not interpret a fleeting exaltation in the glance she returned him. But several times he had surprised it—a gleam as from an unknown world.

And then before he could believe it possible that she was to suffer, her suffering was upon her, and for a stretch of unendurable, interminable hours all life was a mist but for that flaming reality of pain—her pain. A thousand times he reproached himself in anguish. A thousand times he wished himself dead ere he had brought this upon her. The universe swayed and reeled before him.

The child was a boy, as he had hoped, as she had passionately prayed. Lawrence was indifferent when they informed him. He surveyed the tiny red thing coldly, almost with distaste. So it was for this curious little being that Ellean had had to go through hell. Strange!

She was very weak. For the first few days he was allowed only a few moments with her—a few moments of speechless pity on his part, of brave reassurance on hers. On the fourth day she imperiously waved the astonished nurse from the room.

"I want to be alone with my husband."

"But——"

"Give me the baby, and—I want to be alone."

Ellean's tone was quiet, but the nurse, who was a connoisseur in women, laid her bundle on the bed and retreated hastily.

"Take him, Lawrence!"

Lawrence picked up the bewrapped infant. The wrinkled, red face—if it looked to him uncanny and grotesquely ugly, how it must hurt Ellean's sense of beauty, of right proportion!

"It's too bad!" He still peered at the infant.

"Too bad?"

"He's—he's not beautiful, is he?"

"Not beautiful?" The tone drew Lawrence's eyes to her in quick amazement.

"Give him to me!" She raised indignant arms for the baby. "Give him to me immediately. Not beautiful!" She drew the bundle to her in a passion of tenderness.

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"But, Ellean——" The man's astonishment was too genuine for concealment.

"My baby not beautiful! Wait until I model him, and you'll see."

"Model him?"

"Yes. Of course he'll have to grow a bit first, poor little thing. He's not tall enough now for my library group. That'll have to be finished without him. Oh, just without him physically. I'll put him into it, Lawrence—and into every other thing I do my whole life long!"

"Then you're not sorry——?"

"Sorry! Oh, Lawrence!" Her voice broke with tenderness and pride. She looked from the child to the man, from the man to the child—and a mist was in her eyes. "Sorry!" The words rang out in triumph. "Oh, Lawrence, 'I have borne my lord a son!'"

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THE OUNCE OF PREVENTION

BERTHA H. SMITH

AS a matter of course physiology is included in every high school curriculum. Usually it is an elective study, and a comparatively small number of students choose it. Those who do, learn more or less about the number of bones in the body, their names and location, something about muscles and fat, the five senses and the functions of some of the vital organs. And as soon as possible most of this knowledge goes the way of the rest of specific book learning of high school days, and the average boy and girl with the necessary credits in physiology leave the average high school knowing only that the most important part of the human anatomy is a girl's complexion and a boy's biceps. Of the fundamental physiological facts their knowledge is as vague as their guesses concerning the cosmic forces.

A forward step was taken a few years ago when health departments were established in connection with public schools. The chief purpose of this department is to discover causes of physical defect and mental and moral delinquency, and overcome them. So far as underfed, underbred and generally neglected children are concerned, the health work has been of vast benefit. Children with weak eyes have been fitted with glasses, adenoids have been removed, penny lunches and open air schools have been established, and many handicapped children have been given more nearly a fair start in the race of life.

But health departments are too preoccupied with abnormal children to take much cognizance of the average normal child; and the average child whose eyes are good, whose nasal passage is unobstructed, whose body is reasonably well nourished, and whose mind is active, goes through the public schools without learning a word on the subject which means more to each child's health and the general well-being of the entire human race than any other physiological fact. A perpetuated universal ignorance of sex truths is the cause of an astounding percentage of abnormalities, physical, mental and moral.

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The average child is finishing the grammar grades or entering high school at the age of adolescence. Boy and girl alike are deeply conscious of the physical change which is taking place, and which affects their mental and spiritual attitude in all their relations. The average child, more keenly alive and more sensitive then than at any other age, is left to guess at the real significance of this change, to pick up from other children such scraps of truth, half-truth and untruth as can be secretly whispered, and to wonder and wonder and wonder—to the end of his school days, and beyond.

The average teacher, like the average parent, maintains an inexplicable silence, born of ignorance and mock modesty, on all matters relating to sex.

It is generally, and rightly, agreed that the parent is the proper person to enlighten the child regarding the mystery of sex. It is assumed, no doubt, by teachers that they do perform this duty, and known that they do not. As a matter of fact, for every parent who does there are a hundred at least, perhaps five hundred, who do not. And in this respect the American parent is far more derelict to duty than any other, and it may be added that mothers are more guilty than fathers.

The rarely exceptional parent of the more fortunate classes has the wisdom and foresight to establish between self and children the confidence that makes the revelation of sex principles a simple task. At the other social extreme, among the ignorant and very poor, who because of their poverty live huddled in limited quarters, children come early into knowledge of the vital facts of life, the mere naked truths stripped of every vestige of finer sentiment. Between the two extremes is the average child, which stumbles blindly through the period of adolescence unknowing, guessing, gathering as contraband scraps of information neither wholesome nor helpful.

In protest against this indefensible wrong done to the youth of the land, the Polytechnic High School of Los Angeles a few years ago made a definite place in its curriculum for the teaching of personal hygiene.

The principal who had the courage of a strong conviction in this matter was John H. Francis, since elected to the superin-

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tendency of the Los Angeles schools. The Polytechnic is the embodiment of the educational ideals of Mr. Francis, who is acknowledged as one of the most progressive educators of the country, who is not balked by traditions, and whose single aim is the fitting of boys and girls for life—real, everyday, active life—and whose hobby is eugenics.

One who believes that true education should develop body and character as well as brain could not be satisfied with a teaching of physiology that omits essentials, or the operation of a health department that overlooks an obvious need of the normal, average child. In the Polytechnic personal hygiene was the natural outgrowth of the departmental health work. In common with other schools, this high school had physical examinations made of all students. In common with other schools, preference in the order of examination was given to backward students, and in cases where delinquency was found to be due to physical defect, the result of examinations was reported to the parents.

But the health work did not stop here in the Polytechnic High School. It was decided to have a resident physician, who should give informal talks on health to the girls, with the ultimate object of definite instruction in sex hygiene.

The woman selected for the work was Dr. Laura B. Bennett, whose technical knowledge, wide experience and tact especially fitted her for this intimate relation with the girls. In addition to years of practice in her profession, Dr. Bennett has had experience as probation officer in the juvenile courts, and in neuropathic and psychopathic hospitals where she made a careful study of mental and nervous afflictions. During three years as physician to juvenile delinquents in the Los Angeles county jail, where she acted as physical, mental and spiritual adviser to hundreds of young women, the everlasting cry—"If I had only known"—overwhelmed her with a sense of the shirked duty of parents; and out of this experience grew the desire and the will to counteract this wrong by work in the public schools. She is one of those persons who, born for a definite work, have happily found that work.

The health talks, although given a regular place in the Poly-

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technic course, were not made compulsory. That might have defeated the purpose. The wisdom of making them optional was demonstrated by the fact that out of nearly a thousand girl students less than a score failed to attend the lectures.

Out of the needs of a thousand girls, learned from individual consultations, a system had been formulated for class work in personal hygiene. The talks were very simple and informal, and purely practical, beginning with care of teeth, hair, eyes and health in general. Girls were cautioned against cosmetics, patent medicines, and habitual dependence upon drugs for any and every irregularity of the system; advised as to suitable dress for varying seasons; and given many helpful suggestions regarding food values and the fundamental laws of sanitation to carry home with them. The size of the school brought each girl to a lecture once in three weeks. Because their time was short, the senior girls had special classes once a week.

By means of the preliminary talks, a confidence was established between teacher and pupil, and the approach of the subject of sex hygiene was made with no embarrassment to the girls, and no aggravation of self-consciousness.

Designedly, and because of the more frequent lectures to seniors, this subject reached them first, and naturally rumors of the nature of these talks percolated the sieve-like strata of school levels—but not in the mysterious, suggestive whisperings of those who have but a haphazard and vulgar vocabulary and morbid thought, but in correct and modest terms, and with a dignity founded on sane instruction and right understanding. The universal eagerness of under-classmen to reach the serene upper heights gave the younger girls increased interest in the advanced lectures, if indeed a girl's natural curiosity regarding these vital facts needs any stimulus.

One of the secrets of Dr. Bennett's success in this work is her recognition of existing conditions. She knows that the foundation training of the average American girl for future life either in the home or in business is had in public schools, and while public schools are seeking to equip her more and more completely for her lifework, they fail absolutely to instruct her on proper conduct toward certain phases sure to be encountered.

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No word of warning is given against the formation of habits harmful to health and morals; no word of advice by which she may know dangerous situations and insinuative evil, and how to avoid or repel them. No emphasis is given to the need of first understanding nature's basic laws, and then observing rules that improve and conserve the individual, and through the individual raise the standard of the race.

Many girls between the ages of fourteen and eighteen know nothing of the responsibility of womanhood. There are certain fibres and cells of the brain which do not come into function until about the eighteenth year, and girls are often without the psychic power to understand and combat conditions that surround them. This is the period of youth's outlawry, when mothers find it hard to keep the confidence of daughters—if they have ever taken the trouble to establish such a relation. Girls and boys are absorbed with thoughts of each other, and teacher's reprimands, mother's scolding, schoolmates' teasing are but fuel to the flame of sexual emotion which finds silly, vulgar expression among those who have not as yet developed a higher control.

Instead of reprimands and impatience and teasing, a girl needs then more than at any other period of her life sympathy and instruction, an appeal to the better impulses of her nature, and spiritual guidance—not necessarily in the usual religious sense, but as the development of that power which resolves itself into judgment and self-mastery, and right habits of thought and conduct. The sooner sex hygiene is explained to youths of this temperament, the sooner they are able to refer their emotions to the higher control.

"Much of the unrest and unreasoning dissatisfaction of youth, the violent outbursts of passion, the insubordination, the vagabondage of youth and lack of virtue, can be attributed to perverted knowledge," says Dr. Bennett. "The errors and follies of past generations and our own have given the young to-day less vigorous constitutions. Girls are often irritable and excitable without understanding why. This is a matter of individual temperament, and they need individual advice.

"I advise girls to delay marriage until they are twenty-five.

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A woman is not fully matured before that time. To this advice is added the assurance that the true purpose of marriage is the bearing and rearing of children. And no girl who has heard the health talks can fail to understand the demands and responsibilities of marriage. They know what is right and natural and what is gross and immoral, and they know how to guard their health and the dignity of womanhood. That girl will be a better wife and mother who marries knowing what she is doing. To leave girls in ignorance until the marriage day is a crime. They can have knowledge and be the purer-minded for that knowledge."

When the classes in personal hygiene were well established, a similar course was outlined for boys; but instead of leaving it to their option it was made compulsory in every one of many courses provided for boys in the Polytechnic, which holds a record among high schools for graduating more boys than girls. Instead of placing a physician in charge, the classes were given to a science man, clean, wholesome, vigorous—a man of the sort that boys respect.

There was some question at first as to where to introduce this work, and it was finally placed in the first half of the second year. The first year of high school is already too full of new studies to add more. On the other hand, many boys have but one year of high school, and those who must go into the business world at such an early age are the ones who most need the instruction. It is hoped to find a place for it in the first year.

The preliminary talks follow much the same lines as those given the girls, with suggestions for cleanly habits and right living, the appeal being made on the ground of efficiency. By way of introduction to the subject of sex physiology, there is illustration of the method of reproduction in plants and the lower forms of animal life, and thus the boys become familiar with terms used as the talks become more intimate.

Boys are less ignorant of the vital facts of life than girls. But their knowledge needs revision and their vocabulary correction. And most of all they need to learn the difference between normal functional indications of health and vigor, and abnormal tendencies with consequent ill effects, when uncontrolled.

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The results of this work have been so encouraging that courses in personal hygiene and sex physiology have been introduced into several other Los Angeles high schools, and lectures on the subject have been delivered before seventh and eighth grade teachers; for it is the belief of those who have watched the progress of the experiment that the work should begin further down the line. Conditions are known to exist among children of the grammar schools that make it seem of urgent necessity.

Only of late years have physicians publicly and definitely admitted the truth regarding the dangers of sex-intemperance, and it is not without significance that the admission has been made since women have entered the medical profession in large numbers. Only of late have they admitted that incontinence is a far-reaching evil, and the source of the most common, the most loathsome and most destructive diseases known to science. Only of late is the information being promulgated by the profession that sexual disease is not only infectious, but hereditary; that it is transmissible not only through personal contact, but through handling articles used by diseased persons; that the effects are not merely local, but may spread throughout the system, causing paralysis, joint disease, destruction of tissues, or external disfigurement; that it is transmitted to innocent offspring as deformity and defect in body and mind; that it is responsible for eighty per cent. of all blindness, sixty per cent. of the capital operations undergone by women, a large proportion of our insane, and the increasing sterility of men and women.

This menace of degeneration and destruction can be checked only by the dissemination of knowledge on the subject of sex physiology and hygiene. As might be expected, the inauguration of special classes in the public schools has been attacked by some newspapers with the feeble, sentimental arguments that mothers are thus robbed of their dearest, holiest duty; and the same position is assumed by the editor of one of the leading woman's magazines in the country.

No one denies that parents should instruct their children on this vital subject. But the point is that they do not. And

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until parents are aroused to a full sense of their responsibility, shall youth come to manhood and womanhood ignorant of the truths of sex?

There are those who say no, and from the seed of their courage is already springing a rich harvest; for the leaders of this constructive movement have been importuned by educators throughout the country for information regarding their successful methods, and this chorus of commendation happily drowns the feeble protests of those who fail to grasp the significance of this sanitary and moral prophylaxis.

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MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF

GWENDOLEN OVERTON

"I HAD a strange dream. I seemed to float at a height above the Earth, in my hands a lyre whose cords, one by one, slacked and grew mute, so that, try as I would, I could not draw forth harmony."

It was thus that Marie Bashkirtseff wrote in her diary, recording unconsciously what the event has made to seem the prediction and allegory of her brief life.

At a height she was, not only through birth and fortune, but by reason of an intellect which would not allow her either to rest satisfied in mere self-seeking, or to accept the compromises and concessions necessary for that dead peace by most accounted happiness. In her hands was a lyre whose cords were many talents and gifts, yet one after the other they failed, and where she had hoped for melody was only silence.

It has been said that, in proportion as anyone has left a lasting mark in the world, his education has been irregular. If this be true, and if through her journal Marie Bashkirtseff becomes entitled to something like a permanent place among those who have given us a sincere record of the human mind and heart, assuredly circumstances and her own character resulted in an education irregular to a high degree.

Born into a distinguished family of the provincial nobility, she knew nothing of a home, in the usual sense of that word. Her parents, unsuited to each other, remained together but two years, during which time were born Marie—of whom a Jewish fortune-teller predicted that she would be a "star"—and Paul—who was to be "like everyone else." The young mother, ill and unhappy, returned to her own family, taking the children with her, and leaving the husband whom she was thereafter to see only at rare intervals.

For guides of Marie's impressionable and precocious infancy were this mother, fond but of most limited intelligence; the grandparents, an aunt, and several governesses—French and Russian—apparently notable for nothing save romantic disposi-

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tions. Among all of these the only point of agreement, as regards the child's training, was that she should be humored, flattered and convinced that some brilliant destiny awaited her.

When Marie was ten years old Russia was abandoned, and she began to travel, in company with the mother, grandparents, aunt, brother, a girl cousin near her own age, the family physician and various domestics. Austria, Switzerland, Italy and France, one after the other received them. There followed a half dozen years of wandering from one land to another, from hotels to villas, from villas to apartments, "packing, moving, unpacking, visiting dressmakers, packing and moving again."

An ordinary child would, perhaps, have desired nothing else; but excessive as was Marie's thirst for excitement and change, the broken and migratory existence awakened presently discontent and then rebellion. When she was thirteen years old there came upon her a terrified realization of the time which was being wasted. Life was so short, and there was so much to be learned. With the violence of a sudden despair she charges that she is being wronged and cheated. The governesses they have given her have wasted her hours upon nothing; yet in a few years the season for studying will be past, she will be going into the world, having love affairs, marrying—and she will be ignorant. She demands that professors shall be found and she herself makes out an amazing list of the subjects they are to teach. She throws herself into mastering Latin, French, Italian, English, history, physics, botany, chemistry, the piano, the harp, the mandolin, singing. For mathematics she has no taste. For sketching and painting she shows considerable ability, but it is gone about only in desultory fashion. She reads everything which comes to her hands, from the Greek and Latin authors to such as Zola, Ouida, Flaubert, Dumas and the lesser novelists. She reflects upon Epictetus—nor by any means worthlessly. A metaphysician of superior endowments would be pressed to meet her refutation of Kant's fundamental theory. Her feeling for beauty is intense. She surrounds herself with objects of art, passes limited but discriminating and original judgments upon paintings, sculpture and architecture. She shoots, and is a passable marksman. She has a passion for dogs, and owns several

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which accompany her everywhere. She rides so well that, when making a visit to her father's estates in Russia, she mounts and subdues a horse which the grooms have been unable to conquer.

And with all this she estimates and delights in her charms of face, in her "figure of a young goddess," with the zest of a frivolous mondaine. She designs her own costumes, and orders them from the great houses of Paris.

At twelve, with all the fervor—and twice the volubility—of Juliet, she is sighing after the Duke of H——, an Englishman whom she knows only by sight, whose recognized mistress she watches with romantic interest, and allows for with worldly understanding. Presently she begins to make conquests and hear avowals. At sixteen she is in Rome—where the king himself remarks publicly upon her beauty—and is deep in an affair with the nephew of Cardinal Antonelli. Perhaps it was less the youth himself who fascinated, than the background of great names and great estates, of priests and prelates, of a pope actual and presumptive. There was talk of marriage—but it was opposed upon the score of differing faiths, and because this young subject of the Czar, wandering about the continent without a father's protection, making herself in various fashions conspicuous, was not thought suitable as a niece for the Great Cardinal, who was expected to become the pontiff. As for the nephew—ambitious and impecunious, he would not be carried away to rashness.

The blow to Mlle. Bashkirtseff's affections was less severe than to her vanity and pride.

In secret, too, she had allowed Pietro a single kiss—the first and the last ever given to a lover—and, coquette to the utmost though she was, her nature was of so almost fierce a chastity that the memory burns and torments her for years. She feels herself, indeed, cheapened, soiled, humiliated by the whole affair; and there follows a long period of depression and restlessness, of dissatisfaction with herself, her family and all the circumstances surrounding her. Wherever she is she longs to be elsewhere; there are paroxysms of grief and anger. She spends days in unhappy idleness, smoking cigarettes and reading romances. The nights she devotes to study or to feverish gaiety, sleeping usually

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but a few short hours—if at all. As a result of this and a hundred other imprudences which neither her family nor the physician can control, her health is already seriously impaired, and there has commenced the trouble with her throat which, later on, was to affect her hearing and result in premature death. The voice upon which she had based her hopes of rising quickly to fame, has suffered so gravely that all idea of a singer's career must be abandoned. But she is in no wise willing to remain satisfied with obscurity, nor yet to accept the first suitable marriage presenting itself. If she marries at all it must be one whom she considers worthy her wit, beauty and gifts—some one of princely station and great fortune, who shall love her madly.

Her preference, however, is to make her own place in the world—a conspicuous one. And at length she reaches the point of an unalterable resolution. If she cannot become a great cantatrice, she will win renown as an artist. She will go to Paris, and apply herself to serious study. "With my abilities I can regain in two years the time I have lost," she decides.

The first months at the Julian studio were brilliantly successful. Julian and Robert Fleury, dazzled by her facility—perhaps unconsciously influenced by her charms—predicted a great future. Probably this was the happiest time in the life of Marie Bashkirtseff. She felt comparatively free, she liked the comradeship of the studio, and the sensation of being "not the daughter of one's mother—but one's self." She liked, too, the work, and for a while she applied herself unremittingly, overenthusiastically. Then the enthusiasm waned. Her many-sided nature could not be content to give every hour of her time to one thing. She throws herself into the life of Paris recklessly. Feverish days and sleepless nights commence again. Art will not consent to the dual allegiance. It begins to seem that the early promise may not be fulfilled. Julian and Tony Robert Fleury advise in vain. She has never accepted control and cannot now learn to follow other promptings than those of her own fancy.

Yet the recognition that she can scarcely leap to renown, creating an extraordinary sensation, is intolerable and lashes her to further imprudence.

Humiliation is added to by the fact that in Paris—as for-

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merly at Rome and Nice—the Bashkirtseffs remain always a little upon the outskirts of the most desirable society. Madame's position is somewhat irregular, she is not a person of the force or good judgment to offset this handicap; and her daughter is eccentric, unusual and conspicuous.

Once again, too, Marie's health is seriously threatened. The physicians order her to the South for rest, and her anxious family beseeches her to obey. But she is too impatient for fame, too restless with feverish thirst for life. When she obeys, tardily, it is only that otherwise work of any sort will soon be impossible.

Upon her return her condition is not materially improved, but she fights magnificently against the stealing weakness. There are days when, refusing to surrender, she sits for hours in a chair, burning and shivering by turns, wandering in half delirium, only to return to the studio, while as yet she can barely walk. From henceforth there are alternations of painting, festivities, cures and travelling—always without repose. She goes through a season of black and terrible hopelessness, little brightened by the final acceptance of the family into the most exclusive circles of Paris. All about her she felt a "vast emptiness." Acquaintances she had among the distinguished men and women of the day, many who sought her society for her wit and charm. But because she had looked upon others as "stepping stones to be used in attaining her ambitions," because she had given nothing in friendship, she has no friend. She has "expected art to serve as a refuge," but it could not save her from her persistent self. And recognizing that no extraordinary talent is compelling her, she faces blankly the knowledge that her destiny could be little more than "to add to the ocean of mediocrities" filling the Salon year by year. In the eyes of the world her gifts and position might seem enviable, but her heart knows its own bitterness.

Then, at length, there come fairer fortunes—which yet do not bring the satisfaction hoped. She wins favorable mention for some of her pictures. One of them, *A Meeting*—a group of street boys—exhibited in the Salon, is widely praised and reproduced. Indeed the work is so excellent that she has the vexation of hearing it attributed to Jules Bastien Lepage. That his

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influence upon her is so strong as to betray itself in her painting is the price which she now pays for the friendship. He is often in Mme. Bashkirtseff's drawing-rooms, and in Marie's studio. At the beginning he was the artist whom she considered "the one, the only, the incomparable Bastien Lepage," who flattered her by taking her efforts seriously, treating her as a fellow worker, and one who might go far. But little by little it is the man himself who begins to occupy her thoughts.

Either she is not fully conscious of the nature of this new sentiment, or she is unwilling to confess it even in the journal where, heretofore, all had found expression. One becomes aware indeed of a new spirit of timidity and reserve. Yet every page betrays that something she herself does not understand is changing the aspect of life, giving it a subtle contentment and repose. It is by no means the marvellous, commanding being she had demanded of fortune, but only a young artist, born in an obscure French village, who until recently has been poor, struggling and unappreciated. He is not splendid and impressive—only simple, kindly, affectionate and deeply in earnest. Marie herself is condemned to death, and knows it—though, too proud to receive pity, she has striven to keep the knowledge from others. Then Bastien falls ill, and from his brother she learns that his days, too, are numbered. He is dying slowly, often in much pain. The blow is such that for once she does not resort to the language of excess. Her phrases are brief and terse with a sorrow beyond vehemence.

The Great Silence is too near for protestations and promises. But Bastien Lepage begs her to be with him as often as possible, and, ignoring customs which no longer are of importance, she goes to his home as he lies weak and suffering. When her own illness begins, he—momentarily improved—has himself taken to her; carried up and down the stairs in his brother's arms.

They are together through long stretches of the numbered days. One night Julian and Robert Fleury dine with Marie—the frail figure "in many tones of white," who once had been the triumphant, capricious little student of the atélier.

And on the day following, when the fingers "whose movements were so beautiful" write the last entry, it is to say: "The

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weather is very lovely; but instead of driving in the Bois—Bastien Lepage came to me."

Eleven days later, on the 31st of October, 1884, the consuming flame burns out.

Yet necessary to an understanding of Marie Bashkirtseff's life as is a knowledge of all these circumstances, one cannot feel that they in any important degree affect its significance.

Unquestionably a certain interest lies in that sheer "story," without which the diary would not have found its tens of thousands of readers in many lands. And there is, besides, its very considerable importance as a piece of literary workmanship—since her gift as a writer was so remarkable that even in a large book of more than nine hundred close-printed pages, setting forth minutely the thoughts and emotions of a girl between the ages of twelve and twenty-four, there is scarcely a dull or a commonplace line; and many portions approach the inspiration of genius.

The youth of the writer is a matter of little consequence. An attempt to explain her nature upon that score would be irrelevant. Not only was she extraordinarily endowed, a keen and original observer, but, always in the company of her elders and sharing their interests, she had never any childhood in the accepted sense. Moreover, she was innately a woman of the world, precisely as some, given every opportunity and favoring circumstance, remain to the end of their days, unworldly. She was immature only in the sense that all are so who cannot justly estimate their place in the order of events, cannot find the balance between their aspirations and their powers, and cannot accept their relation to human society. Of such juvenility years are not the criterion.

A large part of the journal is given over to lamentations; and in paroxysms of dejection Marie throws herself upon the floor, weeping or suffering in silence through long hours. Sometimes her overwrought nerves, and the fever of the malady already in her veins, drive her to actual violence—as where she throws into the sea a clock whose moving hands oblige her to realize the quick flight of time. Whether it be some small fatu-

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ity upon the part of a relative, or the knowledge that she has not long to live, her language of misery is exaggerated. "I can give you no idea of my profound despair, of all my thwarted desires. Could one find any poor devil more crushed, more miserable, more beaten down and humiliated?" "God have pity on me—a life like mine, with a character such as mine!" "Surely no being alive is more wretched." "God must be trying to prove me with trials." Yet this exists together with the utmost joy of living, with a perpetual delight in the mere fact of existence, in everything the world has to offer for the gratification of her many tastes.

No doubt something is to be allowed upon the score of nationality. A Russian friend writes to me in comment upon the diary: "As a people, we are, of course, emotional and excitable —and phlegmatic, too, withal. We believe so ardently and feel so intensely and have, you see, no understanding of half-gods."

Yet one cannot escape wondering if it were not in this case—as in most—less the refusal to accept half-gods than the pursuit of alluring false ones, which accounts for much spiritual unrest. "A pin-prick hurts me as much as a knife thrust hurts others." Marie Bashkirtseff herself somewhat ineptly ignores the ancient controversy between her own kind and the undemonstrative who lay claim to equal nervous reaction but superior self-control.

Ringing more true is the admission that the wailing and gnashing of teeth are but one phase of her zest for experience. "I like to sob and despair, to indulge myself in sadness. It is a form of diversion." One recognizes here the expression of that exuberant vitality which, if it carries aloft, must equally cast down—since no nature reaches the heights of sensation which does not now and then plumb its depths, or which has not at one time sounded them so completely as to require little further contrast of experience.

In the case of Mlle. Bashkirtseff we have also to reckon with the writer's nature—which hers essentially was. "However much I may cry and fall into a rage," she confesses, "I am always conscious of what I do." "I suffer genuinely, but something deep within me remains calm and observant. I watch myself and am interested. I never entirely forget." It is a rare

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devotion to the cause of truth which can admit this characteristic, thereby risking loss of faith and sympathy upon the part of that large number to whom psychologic subtleties, the veracities of the soul, are less valuable than their preconceptions of what is admirable and sincere.

In point of fact, however, there was actually much to disturb so sensitive a nature. A considerable portion of the time her condition of health was deplorable; she was tormented by pain and burned by fever. Her family must have tried her sorely—if one is to judge not only from her own exasperated comments, but from that monument of tawdriness and poor taste erected as her tomb in an historic cemetery.

And against her fate as a woman she was deeply rebellious. Very early she decided that she could never be content to settle down as a mere wife and mother. "Only to marry and have children," she writes, "any washerwoman can do that." "I am not one to mould in domestic obscurity." Yet she knows that marriage is expected, almost compulsory, if she is to have anything approaching the freedom she craves.

Now and then she contemplates going through the ceremony with some indigent Italian prince, who will take her money and exact nothing. Yet her finer self shrinks from such an arrangement. "A man has thirty-six chances," she speaks bitterly from familiarity with the gaming table; "but a woman, like the Bank, has only one." "How I envy men their liberty to come and go, to dine at a public place or at home, as the fancy takes them. All that is half of talent and two-thirds of ordinary happiness. But a young, attractive woman of my position, who emancipates herself, becomes peculiar, remarked upon, blamed. And in consequence, she is even less free than if she submits to the idiotic customs of society." She is angered because she may not fraternize with the art students of less exalted station, may not walk in the streets or visit galleries unattended. She meets constantly with a cushioned resistance from her family, which cannot understand why she should put art and study before the usual feminine pastimes. "Characteristics which could have been valuable qualities in a man, are only useless and misplaced," she complains. "Had I been a man, I might have conquered Europe. As it is I have to waste my life in futilities."

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Yet whatever one's sympathy, one cannot forget that she was independent in fortune and might have freed herself from many galling restrictions, had not rank and social position meant so much, had she been willing to do what most of all she dreaded—appear ridiculous or in bad form. A concrete instance is her belief in the movement to extend the rights of women, but her refusal to take part therein lest she should seem absurd and receive the disapproval of those who ruled the royalist drawing-rooms of Paris. Later, perhaps, this courage might have come, but she was still a young woman who, naturally enough, wished to be courted and admired.

Throughout it is a character of just such seeming contradictions, well calculated to strengthen the prejudices of those to whom repression and tranquillity are so desirable above all other gifts of Heaven, that they can imagine few greater misfortunes than "to live with a genius." Alternately Mlle. Bashkirtseff is miserable and in ecstasies, amiable and ill-humored, engaging and annoying, morbid and gay. At one moment she beseeches the strangely heathen god, whom she seeks to bribe and cajole—the next she is without faith. She is generous or niggardly and calculating. She wishes others to be happy, but makes them wretched if their enjoyment is not such as she approves, or must be had at any cost to herself. She is foolish and hot-headed, or composed, resourceful and discreet.

Abhorring lack of *savoir-vivre* in others, she herself is often wanting therein to a degree difficult to reconcile with her pride and instinctive worldliness. Undoubtedly the primary impression is that of conflicting qualities, giving no definite personality—of a meaningless existence, whose scattered endeavors ended, upon the whole, in failure. Nevertheless, broadly considered it is the drama of a talented, forceful woman, thwarted and hampered by the situation of her sex—of the woman who is so far above the average in mind and power, that, as Mr. Bernard Shaw points out, society provides for her no favorable institutions. But more universally, more permanently significant, is the account of a being to whom no institutions could be favorable, since all such imply willingness to reckon with others in the scheme of things. Hers was one of the type-lives of humanity

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—a soul which seeks no happiness save its own, desires nothing save to gratify an inordinate, wholly personal ambition, yet is tormented by an intelligence too far advanced to admit of contentment in complete and entire selfishness.

She quotes Balzac as expressing her inmost wish—"to be celebrated and beloved." From earliest childhood she has imagined herself various exalted personages. Her very dolls had been kings and queens. The studies into which she threw herself with such passion were chosen because she had read of them as affected by the great men and women whose careers she meant to equal or surpass. She fed upon the lives of Greek and Roman heroes, and worshipped those of her own day who were in high places. She liked to fancy herself in some lofty position, winning by amiable condescension the adoration of the multitude. "I feel a contempt for the humble and inconspicuous," she tells us. The thought of leaving the world without having made a name for herself was unendurable. Her desire to become a great singer was that she might have "the satisfaction of being renowned, known, admired." "Those who do not desire these things are not entitled to credit for modesty," she observes. "It is simply that they cannot see as clearly as do I." This, too, was the underlying motive of her work in the studio. She planned to spring into fame, to make a sensation, not to win by slow degrees, ploddingly, as was necessary for lesser mortals, but to have within three years such a reputation that her name should be in every mouth, that "all heads should turn and conversation cease" as she entered a drawing-room. "If painting does not bring me glory soon enough, I will kill myself," she avers in undoubted earnestness. Not by any means was she the "ardent and marvellous artist" whom Theuriet apostrophizes. In her calmer moments she herself acknowledges this. "I am not an artist. I wished to be, and I am clever enough to have acquired certain things. But it is with art as with whatever I undertake—I go about it with address and intelligence, that is all." By hard, though intermittent, work, she mastered many technicalities, and saw and painted skilfully, but without richness, power or marked individuality. *A Meeting*—bought by the French Government after her death, and hung in the Luxem-

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bourg galleries—shows her abilities to have been those of a superior order of illustrator, who might have won some reputation as a painter of street characters—a field the value of which her keen wit let her appreciate.

But to put a scene upon canvas was not the compelling urge she experienced when it became a matter of expressing what she thought and felt. As to the latter she tells us, "There are things which will destroy you if you do not write them out, to be read—and so divided to infinity." "It is a need without *arrière pensée*—like the need to breathe." This is vocation, but her career as a painter was chosen, deliberately, with weighing and calculation. Where she wishes to paint a picture there is almost always painful indecision between several subjects, none of which attracts her strongly. Either she selects what is commonplace to the point of banality, or aspires to something beyond her powers—the Death of Orpheus, a Carnival Scene, Ariadne Deserted, Ulysses and Nausicaa, the Women at the Tomb.

And always she seeks what will challenge attention, will bring her into prominence.

One commentator has observed that because of this consuming ambition Marie Bashkirtseff was not a true woman. But it were perhaps as well to reserve one's judgment until more women of forceful personality shall have bared their hearts as truly.

Certain it is that, with her golden hair, her large wondering eyes, her sensitive lips and dimpled chin, with her exquisite coloring, her daintiness, grace and coquetry, the appearance at least, was, as she herself puts it, "diablement feminine." And she had the womanly longing to win affection. Very early she voices a plaintive regret that, though her suitors became fascinated, enamored, "they do not *love* me—who have so much need of love." She herself, of course, has never experienced the sentiment—despite the orgies of romanticism in which she indulged over "the shadow of the Duke of H——" and the illusive Pietro.

Yet always she dreams of love, and wishes for it—imagining herself as yielding in glorious and dramatic abandonment (albeit only under sanction of Church and State) to some god-like, conquering mortal, who shall go beyond even her own estimate of

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her desirability. What comes at length is a tender, yearning, half-protecting affection whose nature she herself does not quite comprehend.

It was not his reputation which drew her to Bastien Lepage. In the circle of her acquaintance there were others more distinguished, and with more evident charm of mind and form. That which made its appeal was the soul that "had seen the Vision shining in the eyes of his Joan of Arc."

Here indeed seems to be the ultimate meaning of Marie Bashkirtseff's quest. Always she was striving toward a Vision, a Beauty worshipped ignorantly, perceived in fleeting glimpses—and with less than which she could not be content. It was to be found, she supposed, either upon the heights of the world, or in the Art which contented many. But the nearer she approached to the heights, the more she doubted its presence. And Art failed when intelligence, refusing complaisance, showed her unsparingly that it could not be the all-sufficient purpose of a life.

This it was which made it impossible for her to rest satisfied. Hers was the pagan nature in process of transition to a higher ethical plane. Already she had the virtues of the ancient civilizations, honor, pride, courage, ambition, chastity, the worship of pure intellect and of material perfection, the desire—if not the temperament—to achieve Stoic self-control, and fearlessness in the face of Eternity.

That there was something beyond all these she dimly guessed. Yet what it might be she could not accept upon the word of others. She was not of those who learn by "borrowed experience." As she tells us repeatedly—that knowledge only she felt to be hers which she had gained for herself, at whatever cost. And the cost was usually great—in proportion as the nature was strong, wilful and definite.

If one regards it merely as the record of a troubled, though brilliant life, ending with death, one must be grateful at least that there came at its close, a little of happiness.

But for those to whom our lives are many, with wisdom to be gained in each, it will seem, no doubt, that howsoever the cords of the lyre slacked and grew mute, one true note before the silence offered promise of distant harmony.

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EDITORIAL NOTES

The Panama Canal Bill

A GOOD deal of unnecessary vehemence has been wasted over the Panama Canal bill. The question is one of facts, not of excitability; of interpretation, not of irritation.

The canal has been brought into being by American enterprise; it has been paid for, unstintedly, by American money. It is, therefore, quite natural that Americans should look for some special returns for themselves, for a legitimate preference over the ships and citizens of the countries that did not contribute in any way toward the enormous cost.

That is one side of the question.

On the other side, we have the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, with its binding obligations; and we have the financial conditions with regard to the up-keep of the canal—conditions which, of course, depend largely upon the interpretation of treaty engagements.

* * *

THOUGH we have provided the money for the construction of the canal, we are scarcely prepared to maintain it in perpetuity as a family convenience, through which our own ships shall pass free of cost, while our Government cheerfully defrays the annual expenses. Even if we were prepared to take this attitude, the contingency has been excluded by the negotiations which made it possible for us to complete the canal without interference or rivalry. We desire, and have given pledges, that it shall be used by the ships of all nations, and that those nations shall contribute, through reasonable tolls, a sufficient sum to make the canal self-supporting. We must, therefore, concede that the nations from whom we expect to derive an annual income, and who have an admitted right to use the canal, have the right also to protest against conditions which they consider to be unfair, with regard either to the imposition or the remission of tolls. To relieve some, or all, of our ships from payment, would throw a larger burden upon the ships discriminated against, if

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the tolls are to be levied on the basis of a self-supporting canal. The discrimination is therefore a double one: every ship released from tolls increases the amount which will have to be provided by the other ships. It is therefore not true that the exemption of our coastwise traffic from tolls is a matter of no concern to other nations, inasmuch as the traffic is already restricted to American ships, and is immune from competition. If our coastwise vessels do not contribute their quota to the upkeep of the canal, other ships must contribute in an increased proportion.

But this is a relatively small matter, which could probably have been adjusted by amicable arrangement. For the real point at issue is not whether we are free to encourage a domestic monopoly, but whether we are free so to interpret the Hay-Pauncefote treaty that we can remit tolls in favor of a portion of our traffic as a matter of right, and not of agreement; and thus pave the way for an extension of the principle to all our ships at some future date.

* * *

THE clause of the treaty which is taken as crucial reads: "The canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and war of all nations, on terms of entire equality, so that there shall be no discrimination against any such nation, or its citizens or subjects, in respect of the conditions of traffic, or otherwise." This would seem quite definite, especially when read in conjunction with the reference in the treaty to the conditions regulating the Suez Canal; but it is now contended that the term "all nations" would naturally be interpreted as "all nations other than the nation owning the canal"; that it would be contrary to reasonable expectation for the "owner" of any "property" to deprive itself of the customary privileges of ownership.

This contention would seem to be disposed of absolutely by a brief consideration of the circumstances leading up to the negotiation of the treaty. Those who have not given the question any special study, would naturally ask: Why should the United States enter into an agreement with Great Britain, to the exclusion of any other European Power, in regard to the construc-

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tion of a canal on the American continent? The answer is that at the time of the first agreement—for which the Hay-Pauncefote treaty was afterwards substituted—the relations between the two countries had become so strained that there were even rumors of war. Both nations realized the need of a canal across the Isthmus, but each was jealous of the other securing control of such a canal. The Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850 was therefore in the nature of a compromise. By the terms of that treaty, it was agreed that neither country would obtain or maintain for itself any exclusive control over a ship canal across the Isthmus; that neither would ever erect any fortifications commanding the canal; that neither would ever occupy or colonize any portion of Central America; and that vessels of both countries should traverse the canal freely, even in case of war between the contracting nations. Finally, the neutrality of the canal was guaranteed, so that it should be forever open and free.

This treaty remained in force for over fifty years before being abrogated, although it was far from popular in this country. Repeated attempts were made to substitute a revised agreement, and in 1902 the present Hay-Pauncefote treaty was ratified by both countries. In this treaty, Great Britain made several important concessions to American sentiment; but it is straining the case beyond permissible limits to assert that she abandoned the main principle, without any compensation whatever, and that the plain wording of the article quoted above expresses such a renunciation, when it is a mere repetition of the principle which was the basis, jealously safeguarded, of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty.

* * *

We are too prone, in this country, to consider everything from the standpoint of the moment, without reference to antecedent conditions. As owners of the canal, we conceive that we have the right to use it for our special benefit, forgetting that the canal could not have been constructed without rivalry or interference except under the sanction of the treaties which we now wish to interpret in our own way, or to repudiate. In the opinion of the majority of impartial observers, we have precluded ourselves, by a binding agreement, from according any

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preferential treatment to our ships, in regard to the use of the canal. If the President, after reflection, does not believe that we have done so, there is no possible course open to him except to refer the case to arbitration. The question of good faith is more important to America than the question of shipping profits and trust subsidies.

The Police Scandal

THE New York police scandal is being thoroughly investigated. The investigations will probably continue for a long time; some excellent recommendations will be made; some changes will be carried out; and the department will then no doubt revert to the original vicious conditions with as much celerity as is consistent with reasonable safety. What is needed is less talk, and more action. The majority of officials in the city are hopelessly tainted with false principles. Whether they are honest or dishonest, sincere or insincere, scarcely matters. They are so familiar with "graft" and vicious conditions that they cannot conceive the permanent establishment of any other *régime*. And so we have responsible administrators publicly proclaiming that "there will always be some graft"; that all that can be done is to regulate the evil in a greater or less degree, to keep vice under cover. Here again we pay for the contemptible acquiescence in Tammany methods that has disgraced the city and the State for so long. Decent men, habituated to decent rules of conduct in public affairs, do not talk of the impossibility of preventing criminality in those who are paid to put down criminality.

The sooner the whole affair is placed on a simple business footing, the better. The head of a commercial department who mildly affirmed that he was doing his best to stop embezzlement among the members of his staff, but that some peculation must inevitably continue, would very soon be requested to seek an environment more suited to his peculiar views of efficiency.

The Mayor and the Police Commissioner have proved their inability to secure satisfactory conditions in the administration of the city. They must be judged by results; not by excuses.

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There is no excuse for failure so complete as theirs has been. The people are tired of outward decency, and inner corruption. They require the enforcement of law and the observance of law by all the servants of the law.

On the simple ground that they have failed to maintain among their subordinates the integrity and efficiency that the people must claim from their servants as a matter of right, and not of Utopian dreaming, the Mayor and the Commissioner should be replaced at the earliest possible moment by men who have passed beyond the *laissez faire* policy of a discredited type of politician. The view of the man in the street that the police department has always been more or less corrupt, and always will be, is a dreary example of mental cowardice. The police will take their proper place and regain the confidence of the community as soon as we have a Mayor who does not behave as if every attack upon vicious conditions were a personal affront to himself.

Mr. O. S. Straus

THE Roosevelt party in New York did well to nominate Mr. Straus for the governorship. If they could show the same happy inspiration in their other actions, they might redeem the party from the obtrusive proprietorial taint of its founder.

The Next President

So far, Governor Wilson must have been entirely satisfied both with his friends and his enemies. The former have given him able support and complete confidence; the latter have provided useful assistance by the acrimony and paltriness of their methods. Every indication points to his success at the election, and if he can give effect to his true convictions afterwards, he will so identify the Democratic party with rational progressive principles that there will be no need to reorganize the third-term party, replace its proprietor by a fitting leader, and accept it as the natural medium for securing national progress.

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General Booth

THE life and the life-work of General Booth emphasize the importance of sincerity. He was a remarkable man chiefly because he ignored the whole trend of the educated thought of his generation. While others were reaching out beyond the limits of the intrenched religions, doubting, probing, asserting the right and the necessity of rational consideration; when the Higher Criticism was attacking the most sacred preserves of revelation, and preparing the way for such a development as Mr. A. J. Balfour's *Defence of Philosophic Doubt;* when men were shaken by the stress and flux of the revolt against the dead hand of dogma; the great evangelist was content with the primitive formulas. He had never known the mental conflicts and disquietude of a Romanes; the work that he began in his early days, was the work that he continued to the end. He was essentially the Methodist minister, and though he adopted the plan of putting the old wine in new bottles, the influence of the revivalist meetings, of the direct, dogmatic appeal to simple emotions, is clearly traceable in the methods of his organization. If he perfected what Huxley called "Corybantic Christianity," he merely anticipated and applied the psychology of Professor W. James.

In an age of democracy, he established a dictatorship. In an age of intellectual subtlety and physical decadence, he inculcated theology with the beating of big drums. But the drums reverberated round the world. He went to the poor, not with an Oxford accent and a High Church ritual (though both have been vindicated in Settlement work), but with bread, coffee and a hymn. His greatest achievement was the recognition of the value of a uniform, of the sense of solidarity which comes with the displayed badge of comradeship.

It has been said, with condemnatory lifting of eyebrows, that he merely touched the fringe of poverty; that he inaugurated no scheme which would surely and steadily eliminate the slums of the cities and attack the evils of pauperism at their roots. No individual man can cope with the product that the

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great States of the world are deliberately pouring out. But all that one man can do, he did. His monument is in the multitudes whom he reclaimed from destitution and desperation; his epitaph is in the homeless wanderers who still wait for the bugle-call of the Salvation Army that will replace the destructive armies of militarism, and carry out the work of regeneration at a tithe of the cost of the present universal degeneration.

The Procreation Commission

EUGENISTS have for some time been discussing the duty of the State to prevent the perpetuation of criminal or degenerate tendencies; but there has been hesitancy with regard to the recommendation of definite measures, and it has been generally assumed that progress would come by slow stages, as public opinion became more and more informed. New York State, however, has already adopted the principle of prevention, and so set an example of far-reaching importance. By an act of the last legislature a commission was appointed to eliminate the agencies by which defective mentality is transmitted from generation to generation; full powers were conferred, and will be exercised, though with natural deliberation and caution.

The innovation will distress those who still believe in the indefeasible privilege of every human being to bring into the world tainted offspring; but it was time that some recognition was made of the right of the unfit not to be born.

Social Hygiene

ADMIRABLE work is being done in Los Angeles by the Society of Social Hygiene, composed of scientists, social workers and other thoughtful men and women. For some time the society has been carrying on a quiet but effective campaign for the dissemination of sex truths, by means of informal addresses delivered by doctors and other qualified speakers before clubs, church societies, the employees of business establishments, and groups of young people found in newsboys' homes and various public institutions. The requests for speakers by employers,

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churches and clubs shows that common-sense and a sense of responsibility and duty are gradually prevailing. Cities which have no similar organization cannot much longer remain so regrettably behind the times. "The ounce of prevention," as exemplified in the article with that caption in the present issue, is certainly worth a good many pounds of cure. Attention cannot be too forcibly or frequently drawn to the dangers of ignorance, and the criminality of indifference, with regard to sexual and social hygiene. The liability of every man, woman and child to contamination is illustrated—though in one phase only—in the study of psychology and suffering which appears this month under the title *What One Woman Has Had to Bear.*

The Mistake of the Militants

EVEN progressive women are not yet fully emancipated from dependence upon their "elder brothers" in the larger life. Expressed or unexpressed, the fear of scorn, indifference or misunderstanding moves them subtly when they stand for their own order. They have not yet become sufficiently sure of themselves to reverence their own natures and take counsel of their own instincts when they traverse the highways that man has built. This is the main reason for the ethical mistakes that many conscientious women are making. They are testing their new activities by man's idealism rather than by their own spiritual sanctions. If man has gained a right, or overcome an obstacle, or attained a goal in a certain manner, it is not unnatural for women to think that the man's way is the only way of securing such advantages. In this unreasoned attitude may be found the explanation of the grave ethical blunder of the militant suffragists in England. They want the rights that men have gained for themselves. They know that it is just and for their country's good that they should have them. But, seeing the apparent failure of peaceful methods, and aware of the habitual inconsistency of statesmen, they nerve themselves against the age-long tendency of women to rely upon spiritual weapons alone, and take up instead those weapons of lawless revolt and anarchistic violence that man in his highest estate has already discarded.

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